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The Week

WHETHER the attempt at a truce in the coal strike, brought about through the efforts of General Johnson with President Roosevelt's approval, was a just and wise one from the workers' point of view, depends upon events which have not yet taken place. The argument made was that hearings were about to begin in Washington on the coal code; that the miners' grievances would be aired at that time and that they ought to go back to the mines temporarily and give the government a chance. Reëmployment was promised without discrimination against strikers, and at first it seemed that one of their chief grievances was being met through the assurance that they could have independent checkweighmen at the mouth of the mine to verify the tonnage figures of the companies. Those miners who stayed out did so because one of the two settlements did not even mention the United Mine Workers by name; because there was some doubt whether the checkweighmen would really be men of their unfettered choosing; and because they distrusted the personnel of the official coal mediation board, two of whose members represent capital while the third is better known as a conservative small-time Democratic politician than as a genuine labor leader. John L. Lewis, president of the U.M.W.A., has been making desperate efforts to get the men back to work, but through many years, thousands of miners have come to distrust his leadership. If the men go back, it will undoubtedly be with the intention of waiting a few days and then, unless the Washington code gives them the unquestioned right to genuine collective bargaining which the National Recovery Act specifies, to go out again and stay out in what may prove one of the most serious strikes in the nation's history.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's Labor Mediation Board will probably prove less important in the long run than the subsidiary local boards which will be set up under its jurisdiction all over the country, boards of whose personnel nothing is as yet known. There will obviously be a strong inclination on the part of the President's board not to upset a ruling of a local group unless there is the gravest reason to do so. The board represents the customary political compromise: there are three union-labor representatives, three employers all of whom are at least technically open-shop men, and United States Senator Robert F. Wagner, who has been the outstanding advocate of federal laws for improving labor's condition. Two of the three labor men are Messrs. William Green, President of the A.F. of L., and John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers of America, two highly conservative labor leaders of the old school; the third is Dr. Leo Wolman of Columbia University, long associated with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and as able an intellectual as the labor movement possesses. Two of the employers, Louis Kirstein of the Filene store, Boston, and Gerard Swope of the General Electric Company, are exponents of welfare schemes for labor; W. C. Teagle of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is more the old-fashioned conservative type of employer. It is reasonable to suppose that four of the seven members of this board—Green, Lewis, Wolman and Wagner—would vote in favor of genuine collective bargaining in any case where the alternative was a company

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union; but on the face of the facts, this issue ought never to arise. The law clearly provides for genuine unions wherever and whenever the workers want them. If they don't get them, it will be because this board, General Johnson and President Roosevelt are deliberately flouting the terms of the administration's most important single piece of legislation.

THE extremely serious milk strike in New York State is a good illustration of the folly of "economic planning" of a half-hearted character, and conducted in one state for an industry which logically ought to be considered on a sectional, or even a national, basis. There has long been an oversupply of milk—not, God knows, in terms of what people ought to consume and could consume, but in terms of what they can afford to buy. Prices paid to producers have admittedly sunk below the cost of production, and the dairymen have been hanging on by their eyelids in the hope that somehow things would get better. Some months ago, a board was set up in New York State to attempt to solve the problem of the industry, and it has taken steps which have helped a little. It increased the price of fluid milk to the consumer, and passed this increase back to the producer; but it has permitted the continued sale of "by-product milk" for ice cream, butter, cheese, etc., at prices which are still below the cost to the dairyman. It has never tackled the problem of excessive cost of distribution and possible excessive profits to the middleman. The present strike is one of desperation on the part of the New York farmers, who see their hopes, based upon the state machinery, completely disappointed.

AS IS usual in these cases, one of the strike-breaking methods is to import to New York State milk from other districts where there is also an oversupply; thus poverty-stricken farmers in one state betray their fellow-farmers in another, for the sake of a purely temporary advantage to themselves. As is also usual, but is none the less deeply disappointing, Governor Lehman seems to regard the machinery of the state government as a strike-breaking agency; the newspapers report that his troopers are beating up the strikers in an obvious attempt to smash their morale. When we compare his attitude with that of Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania in relation to the coal strike, and when we remember how promptly Governor Lehman resorted to the outrageous sales tax—a tax on poverty—as soon as Mr. Roosevelt was out of the state, the evidence begins to be formidable that the present New York Governor is a very inadequate instrument for the New Deal. The milk industry is one which obviously needs far greater social control than it now possesses; and that social control, it seems clear, can only be executed from Washington. Here is a great opportunity for President Roosevelt to give the nation an object lesson in a planned ecomony, based first of all on the hypothesis that nobody shall be required to work on a starvation basis.

FROM a correspondent who has been making an investigation of conditions among steel workers in western Pennsylvania, we get a first-hand report of what is happening there in regard to unionization under the terms of the N.R.A. Says our correspondent:

> There is a tremendous amount of organization work going on among steel workers. The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers claims more than 1,000 members among employees of the National Tube Company, and is working hard on the Carnegie Steel Works at Homestead and Duquesne. The Conference for Progressive Labor Action is trying to organize the Allegheny Steel employees at Brackenridge, while workers are flocking to the A.F. of L. almost without any effort on its part. About three-quarters of the Aluminum Company workers have signed up under the banner of the A.F. of L. and have asked for a charter. The spirit of the workers is amazing. Still more amazing is the fact that this organization work is not being interfered with. Of course, the unions have not been recognized. The mechanical company unions at the Carnegie Steel, Jones and Laughlin, and Westinghouse plants are still meeting and are maintaining the farce of employee representation, although they deal with nothing more vital than the need of a new valve here or a stronger fence there. Then too, the companies keep their finger on the pulse of the whole movement. A newspaper man who called on the chief "investigator" for the Carnegie Steel Company saw piled up carefully on his desk a stack of photostatic copies of cards which steel workers had signed up for the Amalgamated.
>
> While all this is going on, outwardly everything is quiet and peaceful; but sooner or later there is bound to be an outburst. The promptness and severity of that outburst will depend to a large extent upon the outcome of the steel-code hearings at Washington.

PRESIDENT Machado of Cuba is not out of office, as we go to press, but he seems to be on his way. The past week has been marked by an extraordinary general strike against his regime, what has virtually amounted to a mass rising of the whole population against this man who seems likely to go down in history as one of the bloodiest of all the Latin American butchers. What may prove his last important act was also the worst of his whole career—the deliberate murdering of at least twenty-one people who were offering no violence or threat of violence, but were parading the streets joyfully after an unfortunately erroneous report had been broadcast by radio that Machado had resigned. Those persons outside Cuba who have felt in the past that Machado's enemies exaggerated his malignancy need doubt no longer. This mass murder was as senseless as it was inhuman. We sincerely hope that the new government which is obviously on its way in Cuba will arrest Machado and try him for one of the most shocking crimes in that country's history.

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THE first invocation of the Four Power Pact for the maintenance of European peace and good will has ended in a flat failure. England and France should have foreseen the scorn with which the Hitler government would reply to their protest against its provocative attacks on the Dollfuss regime in Austria. The French themselves drew the teeth of the Four Power Pact when Premier Daladier insisted that it apply to the signatory Powers only, and should have no bearing upon matters concerning the relations of these Powers with outside nations. The arrogance with which the German Foreign Office called attention to the "inadmissibility" of the Anglo-French representations indicates that the gentlemen in the Wilhelmstrasse are not taking Mussolini's support of the Dollfuss government too much to heart. For all his reluctance to disavow fascist Germany at this stage of the game, Mussolini is determined that Austrian sovereignty shall remain untouched. His invitation to Dollfuss to revisit the Italian capital is evidence of his deep concern over the German-Austrian conflict. Nevertheless the Italian dictator has no intention of permitting the Four Power Treaty he fathered with such solicitude as an instrument for the concentration of European power in the hands of the four great nations, to be wrecked on the rocks of external controversies. The Austro-German situation is dynamite. Incidents like the recent killing of an Austrian frontier guard by a German raiding party are bound to produce serious consequences, particularly when the German Foreign Office manifests not the slightest intention of defending itself against the charges of its new allies.

A NEW Sacco-Vanzetti case threatens to develop in the Borough of Queens in New York City. A young Italian, Athos Terzani, has been indicted for a murder which, on the face of the evidence, it seems preposterous to think that he could have committed. The murder took place at a meeting conducted by Art J. Smith, a sort of bargain-counter Hitler who heads an organization known as the Khaki Shirts. Smith tried to drag a heckler out of the hall; a fight started and somebody shot down Anthony Fierro, an anti-Fascist pre-medical student. Terzani, a friend of the victim, immediately ran out of the hall, not to escape, but to call the police, with whom he quickly returned. He had seen the shooting; he pointed out one of Art Smith's cronies as the guilty man; he showed the police where the murderer had hidden his revolver under a piano. Other eye-witnesses identified the same Khaki Shirt as the killer. But Assistant District Attorney Joseph Loscalzo, who took charge of the case, preferred to accept another version of what had taken place, the version put forward by Art J. Smith; and Terzani himself was arrested and indicted. Here again is a political murder case in which the district attorney's office is favoring one faction as against another, and in which there is danger that an innocent man will be convicted unless the defense can raise money to protect his legal rights and to acquaint the public with all the facts involved. Norman Thomas has accepted the chairmanship of a Terzani Defense Committee, which also includes Roger Baldwin of the Civil Liberties Union, Carlo Tresca and Lawrence Emery of the International Labor Defense. Herbert Mahler is treasurer of the Committee, and contributions should be sent to him at 94 Fifth Avenue. Incidentally, the father of the murdered student is convinced of Terzani's innocence and is heartily coöperating with the Defense Committee.

THOSE who are interested in watching another experiment in municipal reform, on the old lines, seem likely to have a chance to do this in New York City. After the customary amount of political dirty work at the crossroads, the anti-Tammany Fusionists have united on a candidate a great deal better than most people supposed could be chosen—Major Fiorello H. LaGuardia, long a member of the national House of Representatives. Major LaGuardia, while nominally a Republican, is actually a pronounced progressive; and as an individual, he would be the best mayor New York has had for many years. Tammany is badly frightened; its dishonesty and inefficiency have lately been so outrageous, and so effectively exposed by Judge Seabury, that even some of its own rank and file show signs of getting sick at the stomach. Unfortunately, however, the forces behind the Fusionist movement are inferior to their chief candidate, and his hands would necessarily be tied most of the time by the character of the support which put him in office. But an even stronger reason for pessimism is the record of reform administrations in general, in New York and elsewhere. Over and over, cities have been "cleaned up" and the wicked machine politicians driven from office. In no instance that we know of has the reform been permanent, although scandalous conditions are usually abolished when the city-manager plan is introduced. It is doubtless desirable that Tammany's pipe lines of graft should be broken for a few years and in part; but we see no reason to throw our hat more than one and a quarter inches in the air over the possibility of such an interlude.

IN ITS issue of June 12, 1933, The New Republic gave credit to Secretary of the Interior Ickes for saving the government 52,000 on a single order of cement (400,000 barrels) for Boulder Dam, by threatening the cement manufacturers with government competition if they did not lower their prices. Several correspondents subsequently called our attention to The Business Week of June 24, which states that the bid finally accepted was for a lower grade of cement than that covered by the bid first criticized, and that the saving actually realized on this lower grade was only two cents a barrel, or $8,000 for the lot. Inquiry in authoritative quarters has revealed that the statement in The New

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Republic was correct, and that The Business Week was in error. Previous to the purchase in question, there had been several purchases of standard cement for Boulder Dam. This particular request for bids, however, originally specified a low-heat cement, which, because it is ground more finely and contains oxide of iron, expands less in setting and causes less danger of cracks in the structure. The first bids for this grade of cement were rejected by the Secretary, on the advice of Department engineers who considered them too high. New bids were requested on three grades—standard, low-heat cement and modified low-heat cement. Still the Secretary believed the prices too high, and asked for reductions. Finally a bid was accepted, in consideration of reduced prices and the freight rate. Our informant, who speaks with unquestioned authority, states, "There was no lowering in the quality of cement. The statement regarding the saving of $52,000 is correct."

President Roosevelt and the Trade Unions

THE Roosevelt administration has been trying to maintain an attitude of benevolent neutrality between employers and union labor. It is now obvious that this policy is a failure. It should be abandoned in favor of the definite support of labor unions, which is advocated by a number of the most influential persons working with the President in administering the "New Deal."

The terms of the Recovery Law seemed to carry a clear implication that non-union or company-union industries (the two things are practically identical) could be unionized, provided only that the workers wanted them unionized. The employers were to be prohibited from using their customary violent tactics against the unions, which in many places have included murder. But in practice, there has been a strange reluctance to enforce these terms. A doctrine of "gradualness," to say the least, has been pursued, which has alarmed the workers and has reassured the Tory employers. It has now been coupled with a warning by the President that there must be no strikes, lockouts, or "aggressive action" during the recovery program, and by the appointment of a board, some of whose members are of dubious antecedents, from labor's point of view, to settle important disputes—probably with the assistance of a whole flock of subsidiary regional boards, whose personnel is still a completely unknown quantity. The president's position would be justifiable, and even then on dubious grounds, only if his various boards and committees had, among them, both the power and desire to give labor wage increases which would not merely keep pace with the rising price level, but would run definitely ahead of it—in order to create that augmented consumer purchasing power which is the absolute, central essential of the Roosevelt program. There is, unfortunately, no evidence whatever that General Johnson and his cohorts are facing this problem squarely, are prepared to act in accordance with the necessities of the case, or even believe that they have the legal power to go as far as they need to.

In such a situation, as The New Republic has repeatedly pointed out, the workers of the country *must* be organized in effective trade unions, under leadership of their own choosing. Confronted by employers who refuse to raise wages or shorten hours except under the provisions of the codes (in many cases far too generous to the capitalist) they *must* have the right to strike to enforce at least the minimum improvement in conditions which they require in justice to themselves and their families. The President has asked them to handcuff themselves and jump into the sea, with the assurance that he will have life-preservers ready. But when the life-preservers obviously aren't there, it is clearly impossible for millions of workers to obey his much too lightly given request.

It is unfortunate that such important matters should be the subject of whim and variation, due to the necessity of educating from the ground up a man—General Johnson—who, however admirable in character and intentions, is appallingly ill informed on vital matters over which he today has tremendous powers. Nevertheless, that is what is happening. A history of the past few weeks shows almost unbelievable alterations of policy. It is important that this story should be known, in order to realize just how much—and how little—has thus far been achieved in relation to the all-important question of improving the status of labor.

Among the first codes considered by the N.R.A., was that of the men's clothing industry. During the hearings on this code, the necessity for a strong, independent labor organization as an absolute prerequisite to any attempt to stabilize industry was powerfully presented by Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, one of the most gifted labor leaders in the United States. The educational effect of these hearings upon General Johnson, and upon the whole N.R.A. officialdom, was of high value.

The first direct challenge of labor came in the middle of July. Strikes broke out in the South throughout the cotton-textile industry, which had been brought under an N.R.A. code only ten days earlier. General Johnson found himself rudely faced with precisely the situation of which Mr. Hillman had forewarned him. The strikes were due to the failure of employers to live up to the N.R.A. code. The chief cause was intensification of the "stretch-out" system, whereby an employer, although reducing hours, obtains the same output as before, with the same, or even a reduced, total wage bill. The great purpose of the N.R.A. program, of course, is to increase total consumer purchasing power. If the setting up of an N.R.A. code was not to increase the industry's total wage bill,

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very obviously General Johnson was licked. Apparently he realized this. But all his instinct seemed to be against turning to labor in the cotton-textile industry as an ally, and for days he hesitated.

Meantime strikes spread to other industries in the South, reaching a climax in the strike of 8,000 hosiery workers at High Point, North Carolina. Anyone wishing to write the real history of our times should investigate these strikes. Notoriously, workers do not strike in periods of wide unemployment. The fear of permanently losing their jobs is too great. Yet here, all across the South, workers in mill after mill were walking out. These Southern strikes appear to have been entirely spontaneous. Incredibly enough, they seem to have been caused by a childlike belief in the New Deal. Was not the cotton-textile code law, and did not the code say all ought to have more money, and work fewer hours? Well, then, what did the mill-owner mean, behaving the way he did? He was breaking the law of the United States, was un-American and against the President. So the workers walked out.

In the first week of July, at the time of the approval of the textile code, General Johnson had appointed a committee under Robert W. Bruere, to make a technical investigation of the "stretch-out" system. Just as the strike situation began to alarm Washington, this committee rendered its report. As the surest means of controlling the "stretch-out," it recommended the setting up of what in effect would be shop councils on which employer and workers would have exactly the same number of votes. Any dispute which could not be settled in the mill by free discussion would be appealed to a higher body on which the N.R.A. itself was to possess the deciding voice.. The employers' representative on the committee, B. E. Geer, a retired mill-owner and a trustee of Furman University, had agreed to this, and the report was presented to General Johnson unanimously. According to a perhaps apocryphal story, General Johnson declared the report was Bolshevism and flung it into a wastebasket. Something, however, obviously had to be done. The General approved the report on August 3. Shop councils are now being formed in every mill; there is an Industrial Relations Board for every textile state, with a national Industrial Relations Board in Washington as a court of final appeal. These shop councils and Industrial Relations Boards establish a precedent. Now that they have been set up for textile workers, it is hard to see on what grounds they can be denied to workers in any industry.

On July 31, four days before the final approval of the Bruere "stretch-out" report, General Johnson opened hearings in Washington on the N.R.A. steel code. This was a far more important matter than the textile code had been. In many ways, it promised to furnish a crucial test of what labor's position was to be under the New Deal. The one labor leader fully to realize this, apparently, was John L. Lewis. Lewis belongs, of course, to the A. F. of L. Old Guard. But he is a man of great force, and he seems bitten with ambition to capture leadership of the whole labor movement. He is, after Dr. Leo Wolman, the most important member of the N.R.A. Labor Advisory Board. As far back as last April, Lewis put every organizer he had on the road. According to report, they went into the coal towns with a message something like this: "John L. Lewis has corned beef and cabbage and beer every night with the President. This is the New Deal. If any sheriff tries to stop you organizing, tell him to go to hell." Lewis declares that in ten weeks he organized more than three hundred thousand previously non-union miners.

When the steel hearings began at the end of July, accordingly, Lewis's United Mine Workers was more nearly a fighting organization than any unit in the labor movement. Simultaneously with the opening of the steel hearings, a strike flared up among coal miners in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. Apparently this strike, like those of the Southern textile workers, was spontaneous. But it was Lewis who appreciated its strategic possibilities, and presumably it was because of him that it focussed rapidly on the mines of the H. C. Frick Coke Company, subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation.

It was obvious that a situation existed which could not be ignored, and on August 2, under the urgings of Mr. Roosevelt from Hyde Park, General Johnson flew to Harrisburg, gathered up Governor Pinchot and Thomas Moses, president of the Frick company, and brought them to Washington. Industrial Toryism, personified by the United States Steel Corporation officials, and union labor now at last confronted each other in view of the whole country.

Early the next morning, August 3, Moses called on General Johnson. He had had a long telephone conversation with the Steel Corporation's head, W. A. Irvin, in New York. Irvin informed General Johnson he would not negotiate with the strikers, did not recognize the jurisdiction of the N.R.A. and would not enter an eventual N.R.A. coal code. Apparently the General's first reaction was relief at this summary disposal of the question. He made his now famous remark: "I stuck my nose into something which was none of my business, and got what was coming to me."

It was at about this precise point, however, that General Johnson's conversion to the need for a labor policy began. Beside this strike, the labor disturbances in the South had been trivial. In the adjoining office were sitting Governor Pinchot, Lewis and a group of mine leaders. As long as Governor Pinchot adhered to his pledge to use the National Guard to protect strikers in Pennsylvania, no strike there could be broken by the old methods. Lewis, if forced to it, had the potential power to order strikes in mining towns all along the Ohio River as far as Illinois, spreading labor unrest throughout the industrial heart of the nation. Not

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least important, politically the Roosevelt administration could not openly stand against union labor on the side of the United States Steel Corporation and the House of Morgan. Abruptly the General decided to stick his nose back into the strike, and with magnificent energy threw himself into the task of settling it. By telephone to New York, Gerard Swope and W. C. Teagle were set to bring the Steel Corporation directors into agreement, and by nightfall a truce had been signed.

But a truce is not enough. And a code is not enough. And benevolent neutrality at Washington, plus the investigation of grievances after these grievances are history, is not enough. The country believed that the National Recovery Act meant genuine collective bargaining, not only in the industries where it now exists, but in those where it doesn't. If such is not the meaning of the Act, the sooner we know it the better. And if it is, then a great deal of time and energy are being wasted while General Johnson realizes that this is true, and while he and the President muster up the courage to tell the employers so.

White Terror: A Case History

IN THE worldwide protest aroused by the use of terror against radicals and Jews in Germany, similar conditions in other countries have been passed by with relatively little notice. Radicals are so often secretly imprisoned, the use of torture is so widespread and political murders are so common that they are no longer considered news in the countries which still enjoy a measure of political freedom—while of course exposure of these practices is impossible in the countries in which they are most frequently employed. Through the efforts of Mr. Louis Adamic, the well known author of "Dynamite" and "Laughing in the Jungle," The New Republic has obtained an important document describing the methods of extorting "confessions" in a modern military dictatorship—a vivid account written by an individual who survived a prolonged and brutal torture. It was obtained by Mr. Adamic during a recent visit of a year to Jugoslavia as a Guggenheim scholar, and he took it out of the country at considerable risk to himself and to the members of his family. It is unquestionably authentic, although the author must naturally remain anonymous.

> I was reading in my room when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, someone knocked. A man of medium height and offensive personality entered, introducing himself as Comrade Marnkovich, or some such common name, of Belgrade. He said he was en route to Austria, stopping off in my town to see his friend, Comrade X. Did I know where X lived? He explained he had received my address from Comrade Y, a Communist in Belgrade, whom I knew but who did not have my address. I realized at once that my visitor was a political detective. Afraid that he might kill me in my room, as I knew that such things were happening, I thought as fast as I could, saying I wasn't certain just where X lived but could possibly locate him, and suggested we go out. We walked about for a while. A few paces behind I recognized two local detectives. . . . I was too scared to utter a word. Suddenly, in a little frequented street, the two local detectives rushed in and grabbed me; the Belgrade man hit me with his fist and said, "Now, you Communist, where is X?" I said nothing; he slapped me. "I don't suppose you know who I am. I am Vuykovich, director of the *Glavnyacha* in Belgrade. Ever hear of me?' I had heard of him as one of the most notorious sadists in the Belgrade *Glavnyacha.*

The prisoner was taken to the local police station, where he was kept for two days, and beaten until he was almost insensible. He was offered release and a place on the secret police if he would give information, and his psychological torture included a sham telephone call with a bogus sentence of death, and boasting by the police of their methods of torture and of the men they had killed.

> Vuykovich flew into a rage. He knocked me on the floor, then kicked me in the stomach. To evade a second kick in the same spot, I turned over, just in time to catch a second kick in the small of my back. . . . Instinctively I kicked Vuykovich in the ankle and, my whole body in pain, raised myself to my knees. With all his might Vuykovich kicked me in the throat, directly under the chin. I went down again, but retained consciousness. My mouth was full of blood. I thought to myself, "I'll act as if I'm unconscious, then maybe he won't kick me any more." Terrific pains in my throat, back and stomach forced me to move. I sat up. My head whirled. I felt nauseated. . . . He partly undressed me, grabbed me, and . . . I all but fainted. "Talk, you Communist dog, *talk!*" I couldn't get a sound out of me, if I had wanted to. I struggled against fainting. Finally he released me, kicked me once more in the stomach, and I lay against the wall in a whirl of pain, completely exhausted. I think I vomited a little. I had terrible cramps in my stomach, and a feeble thought trembled in my head: This is the limit. I can't endure anything worse.

After further punishment, he was taken to the *Glavnyacha* in Belgrade, the central office of the political police. Since 1921, when the Communist party was outlawed after it had elected fifty-nine members to Parliament and gained control of Belgrade, about 20,000 persons have passed through the *Glavnyacha.* The major political parties—the Communist, the Croat Nationalist Revolutionaries, and the Agrarian—maintain secret organizations, and an elaborate spy system is employed to combat them. It embraces waiters, cigarette and flower vendors, students, railroad conductors and others in all forms of public work—vendors are denied licenses if they refuse to give information to the police, and students are refused places in the government dormitories. In the *Glavnyacha,* the pris-

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oner encountered officials of the secret police who had been labor-union officials, officers in Wrangel's army, criminals who had been released from prison to become spies. Kosmayats, the most brutal sadist he faced, was a sexual degenerate. The agents received small pay, but robbed their victims, and possessed unlimited power. As one of them told the prisoner, "We're the highest court in the country. We're the Constitution."

> We were herded into a huge room called the *mansarda.* The floor along the walls was strewn with about twenty prisoners, recent arrivals, some of whom had already been through the mill, while others were still waiting. When we came in, except for some subdued groaning and sobbing, the place was still. Most of the eyes were turned on us, and such eyes I had never seen before: red, feverish, weary—eyes full of pain. . . . The only person in the room not lying on the floor was a tall, thin, middle-aged woman clad in a loose dark dress, a black kerchief tied below her chin, a gray shawl about her shoulders—obviously a proletarian woman. She stared at us with large feverish eyes, set deep in the sockets of her hollow face that was spotted with black and blue marks. The sight of her cut me to the quick. . . . New prisoners, mostly young men, were brought to the *mansarda* every few hours. . . . The tall woman with the black kerchief leaned against the wall all day long. She ate only a small chunk of bread, then handed her loaf to a man near her. I felt such reverence for her that, unable to express it, I couldn't endure looking at her. All the time there were loud groans from the corridor, and low groans and sighs from the people in the *mansarda.* When it got dark, I thought I would go crazy. I wanted to talk to S——, a boy who was from my town and a friend of mine, but I couldn't. My throat and mouth were too sore. S—— couldn't say anything either. . . .
>
> Two men entered in civilian clothes, coatless, their sleeves rolled up like a couple of executioner's assistants. . . . They led my friend S—— out. I wanted to call to him, but couldn't produce a sound. The door in the opposite end of the room closed . . . then I heard another door slam, then all I could hear were the moans of the man they had just brought back, the groans and weeping in the corridor, the sharp hysterical cries of a girl who, I subsequently learned, was here because she had unwittingly helped her brother distribute Red Aid money. Two nights before they had beaten her on the soles of her feet and had violated her. . . . Hours later S—— was brought back. He sobbed and groaned. They stood him on his feet; he gave a terrible cry and fell on his face near me, and the plainclothesmen burst into laughter.

Eventually, after having been beaten on the chest with sandbags—a form of torture employed because it inflicts great damage without permanently marking the prisoner—the author of the document signed a confession that he had possessed Communist literature. He was kept in the *Glavnyacha* for two months, until the external signs of his maltreatment had disappeared, and then sentenced to a year and a half in prison, his defense that the confession had been wrung from him by torture having been overruled. In the period while he was held in the *Glavnyacha* he witnessed or heard constant beatings, talked with other prisoners about the tortures they had endured, heard stories of prisoners who had broken down and confessed, of men who, while being tortured, had screamed "Long live King Alexander!" in a vain attempt to win relief, of husbands who were tortured before their wives or wives before their husbands until one or the other broke down, and of others who defied the police, cursing them until they died. He was kept with prisoners of all political beliefs and from all walks of life: students, miners, railroad workers, peasants—some of whom had no understanding of the charges against them. Beating was the most common form of torture, but in some cases the police kept their victims awake for a week, and mutilations, the details of which are unprintable, were frequent. The document contains an eloquent proof of the essential futility of such means of persuasion, even to those who use them.

> My resistance to, my hate of, what was going on became stronger and stronger. I had fits of rage which I could hardly restrain. I spent hours imagining what tortures Kosmayats, Vuykovich, Stankovich and the other agents whose names I never learned would have to be subjected to in revenge for our suffering. I realized that vengeance was a primitive emotion, but I could not help feeling it. I wanted to witness and participate in the torture of King Alexander and all those about him and in his service, of the whole class, of hundreds of thousands of people, for whose benefit he and they ruled and tortured us. Initially, in my nature, I believe I am not a cruel or vicious person. I know that my father and mother, particularly my mother, were the gentlest of people. But what I saw and experienced in the *Glavnyacha* gave rise in me to powerful sadistic cravings, and for moments I was delirious with hatred for everyone from the King down to the lowest gendarme. My hate and desire for justice were elemental but not, I think, divorced from justice. This was the most important period of my life. Before, in my work and thoughts, I had dealt largely with theories. Now I saw the unbridgeable chasm, the awful depths of class hate. Now I knew what it meant.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Washington Kaleidoscope

WHETHER you like the New Deal or don't, whether you think it is leading to fascism or socialism or another terrific crash or just nothing at all, you must agree that Washington is an exciting place to be just now. Everyone says it is like War times, but the comparison seems to me superficial. There is far less pumped-up, emotional patriotism than there was then; much more groping doubt about what needs to be done; and a general realization that today's task is infinitely harder than that of sixteen years ago. There is far greater uncertainty than the average American, away from Washington, supposes; and there is very much more working at cross-purposes: roughly speaking, half the important men in the government are trying to bring about something to which the other half are strongly opposed. Perhaps the best way to give an impression of the general atmosphere is to report some of the scenes witnessed during a recent visit—scenes which are, I think, fairly typical of the continuing processes in the nation's capital in this summer of the Year One of the New Deal.

The Hindenburg Line Cracks a Little

It is a smothering hot morning—temperature 94° and a humidity you can swim in. The big oblong theatre in the new Commerce Building (Mr. Hoover's pride and joy, with ten thousand offices and not one inch of parking space) is filled with coatless, perspiring men, wriggling wearily on the soft brown cushions of the most comfortable chairs any public auditorium in the world ever possessed. At one end is a stage, and on it, below the great mural map which is also left over from Mr. Hoover, and is devoted (rather ironically in these days of supernationalism) to the routes of world trade, sit the advisory committees representing labor and the consumer. (They look a little foolish, and with good reason; the fight is too real, and they have become for the present mere innocent bystanders, though there are still possibilities in these groups.) In the middle is a table, with new-style microphones on it—small black coffins standing on end, so marvelously efficient that they reproduce a speaker's exact voice, without any of the old tinniness and waterfall effect. Behind them sits General Hugh Johnson, Rider of the Whirlwind, who is already being talked of as Our Next President. A big, massive head; eyes narrowly focussed in an old-fashioned, Southern, American face, which manages at the same time to resemble Clarence Darrow and M. Briand, as M. Briand would have looked without the Western-sheriff mustache. Greatly excited, but concealing it pretty well. A good choice for a queer, vague, poker-playing job which demands that he bully men who are accustomed to doing all the bullying themselves.

Three raps of a gavel and the hearing begins. The first witness appears—Robert P. Lamont, erstwhile Secretary of Commerce and master of this very building; now here as the president of the Iron and Steel Institute, the employers' organization which is fighting to keep in the New Deal as much of the Old Raw Deal as possible. Tall, thin, bald, pink all over his face and head, he looks owlish, timid, ineffectual—but he is not. He is the able spokesman of the wickedest gang of robber barons left in this country. If this were a movie, now, we would fill the screen with the dim picture of his head, and then behind and through it, we would show other scenes: company police on horses, riding down and beating huddled, helpless masses of men and women, strikers and their wives; company sheriffs throwing out of a dingy shack, in the rain, all the battered, makeshift furniture and possessions of a worker who has his roof taken away from him because he dared to dream of joining a union; lines of desperately tired men, their faces black, their shoulders drooping, coming out of the mills where thousands of them, even yet, work twelve hours a day and seven days a week; the boss's drunken young son, roaring in his Packard sport roadster through the squalid streets of the company town where ragged, half-starved children of the workers look up furtively from the refuse and rubble heaps where they are playing. But there is no steel worker present today; how odd he would look, dirty and roughly dressed, among the white linen and seersucker suits of these gentlemen! (Later in the day comes a delegation of radical workers, dressed up for the occasion, and makes a highly sensible presentation of a group of moderate demands.) At the moment, there is only Mr. Lamont, reading—as badly as a human being can read—the statement of the steel men's case: how generous they have been to their workers, how high are the wages paid, how soon they will go bankrupt if they have to pay any more, how thoroughly the employees like the present company-union scheme. At long last, after everyone present has wriggled himself sore as a toothache, he is done. Abruptly, General Johnson turns to him, and then comes what is generally regarded as a miracle. The General doesn't think the open-shop provision of the proposed code is appropriate, in view of the precise and firm language of the Recovery Act on this point. Mr. Lamont is on his feet; he agrees, in one hundred halting words; he thinks the directors of the Institute will approve a proposal to take it all out. If he could have a few minutes to consult them?

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"TEN-MINUTE RECESS!" shouts General Johnson.

In less than ten minutes Mr. Lamont is back, looking a little sheepish over going through a ritual which everyone knows was the emptiest of formalities. He announces that the directors of the Institute have accepted his proposal; so far as they are concerned, they endorse the language of the Recovery Act for the Steel Code. The audience bursts into applause. There is a general feeling that this is a great victory for labor.

Is the feeling justified? Nobody can yet say. It will be weeks before it is tested in the crucible of events. Mr. Lamont has said that the industry proposes to go on exactly as before; and we all know what "before" has been. On the other hand, henceforth when union organizers are thrown out or shot, when meetings are broken up and union members dismissed, they will have somewhere to go to complain. They can say that the steel barons are violating the law, and in Washington there will be individuals whose job it is to listen to these complaints and to do something about it. That is certainly a gain; but whether it is a big enough gain, whether it is a "revolutionary advance," will remain to be seen. It is fair to say, however, that unless the Roosevelt administration brings the steel men under control, unless it enforces the right to organize in A. F. of L. unions, radical unions, any kind the workers want—then the Recovery program will go down in history as a fraud and a failure.

The next witness, who now steps forward, makes you feel that there are real and important differences between today and the recent past. She is Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, who has spent the weekend talking to steel workers in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and now is making the plea on behalf of the workers which ought to be made by the head of the American labor movement, if this country had a real labor movement, with an able, effective leadership. Miss Perkins has had to revamp her speech at the last minute because the steel men have abandoned their formal plea for the fake company union, but she still has plenty to say. She is a skillful public speaker, who knows how to put over her points, and she is making what must be the great speech of her career thus far. She goes straight back to fundamentals; the purpose of the administration is to give every American a decent standard of life. The wages the steel companies offer won't do this, the hours they offer won't give reëmployment to their own men or supply—as steel ought to supply—jobs for some of those who are now permanently unemployed in other industries. The proposal to work men a specified number of hours on a six months' average basis is meaningless—the averages should be maintained on a daily or weekly schedule. She urges the abolition, in toto, of the seven-day week and the twelve-hour day, and quotes startling statistics as to their continuing prevalence. She urges guarantees against child labor, suggests the desirability of unemployment insurance, and mentions what may seem a minor detail—but is a very important one—that men should be given a few minutes off to wash their hands, sit down and eat their lunches, instead of wolfing their food on the job. When she has ended, the applause is long and sincere. (Most of those present, of course, are merely Washingtonians out for a show.)

It would be easy to overestimate the significance of such scenes as these. But it is also too easy and too simple to say that they mean just nothing, that labor will come out of all this worse off than it went in. For after all, this code hearing is but one of many, already held or scheduled for the near future. All the chief industries of the country are taking their turn at the bar. A few days earlier, in this same room, I heard Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers make the finest presentation of labor's point of view I ever heard from anyone, speaking on behalf of his own union and in support of the attempt to bring warring factions among the manufacturers into agreement, not only with the workers but with one another. Other hearings are creating similar opportunities, and while I can't testify from my own knowledge, I believe that labor is taking excellent advantage of them to lay its cards on the table while the government, and to some extent the whole population of the country, look on.

While the Time Bomb Ticks

The offices of the N.R.A. in the Commerce Building are a madhouse. Everything is new and most things are pretty completely mixed up. The employee who has been on the job a week looks down with condescension upon the man of three days, and neither of them, in all probability, knows just what he is supposed to do or how to do it. Telephone service has broken down pretty completely under a sudden rush of some 600 calls an hour, perhaps half of them long-distance connections from business men in Idaho or California or Arizona, asking questions, pledging coöperation, announcing that they can't and won't coöperate, predicting Elysium, predicting disaster. In the information room long lines of men stand in front of the desks, waiting their chance to ask questions to which they may or may not get answers. In the press rooms are tables piled with "releases," or with telegrams from signers of the blanket code, plus other long tables equipped with telephones where newspapermen are excitedly telephoning information (most of it entirely unimportant) as if their lives were at stake. Somewhere in the midst of the tornado sits General Johnson, captivating all visitors with his charm, cajoling, wheedling, bullying, arguing, pounding with his fist, roaring with sudden laughter, now and then rushing off by airplane to some spot where the trouble is worse than it is anywhere else—and it is plenty bad everywhere.

There is a real reason for all this feverishness. The General and his aides are like men working in a room where a time bomb is ticking, with a formid-

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able—perhaps indeed an impossible—task to be accomplished if the explosion is to be prevented. Prices have gone up with a rush. Production (in many lines) has also gone up with a rush. But wages have increased only minutely, far less than production and ridiculously less than prices. Unless the General can improvise, with the authority of the law and the prestige of the President, an increase in employment and an increase in real wages, in average pay-envelope purchasing power, then, as he himself says, a bad crash is coming—"and the country can't stand another bad crash."

Until very recently, the chief industries showed a tendency to sabotage the government's program. They refused to write codes, or they wrote impossibly bad ones. They indulged in "the strike of the folded arms." They thought, it seems, that the depression was ending by natural process and that there was no longer any necessity for them to be good—or even to pretend to be good. Hence the blanket code—first designed, I believe, as a measure of compulsion and then changed to a voluntary scheme when it was discovered that no legal basis existed for coercion. Hence all the hurrah-boy methods of the patriotic "drive," with window-stickers, four-minute speeches, patriotic boycotts of slackers, and all the rest. General Johnson hears the time bomb ticking, even in his sleep. He is fighting against terrific odds. Will the country's employers really raise wages, shorten hours, abstain from "profiteering," all in the name of patriotism, to end the tragedy of depression and to save their own skins? It is hard to believe that they will. To be sure, there are teeth in the law. Given enough time, the government can set up a system with genuine coercion behind it, insisting on good codes and putting out of business those who refuse to live up to them. Yet there are limits beyond which this government will not and cannot go in the direction of coercion: it can bring pressure to bear, for instance, on certain recalcitrant units, but I doubt whether it will penalize a whole industry. And there is so little time!

Buying Up the Farmers

By contrast with the feverish struggle in the N.R.A., the Department of Agriculture seems today as peaceful as a monastery. It, too, has had its *Sturm und Drang,* and will have them again; but just now there is a quiet interlude between cotton and wheat, with corn, hogs and tobacco still beyond the horizon. And the problem was always simpler than that of industry and retail trade. The farmer is not being asked to give up anything for which he isn't being paid in good government money. Patriotism on that basis is Something Else Again. The plan is new, is breath-taking in its audacity; but the result for the individual farmer is like A B C: He plows under, or fails to plant, so many acres; he gets from Uncle Sam a check for so much per bale of cotton or bushel of wheat that he does not produce. Uncle Sam in turn gets this money from the consumer, who pays what is in the aggregate a vast sum but for the individual is not a prohibitive burden.

The most dramatic single spot in Washington, to my mind, is the great space in the basement of the Department of Agriculture where the cotton contracts are being handled. Twelve hundred people work day and night, in three shifts of 400 each, in this vast room (it has a hasty, improvised air, with plain new tables and half-empty packing boxes here and there in the corners), checking, recording, filing the hundreds of thousands of contracts signed with growers of 9 million acres of cotton. Some of the most wonderful machines in the world are here, modeled on those of the Census Bureau, in which every possible sort of information is recorded by punches in a card, and when these cards are put through one special mechanism, almost any set of facts wanted is automatically assembled. (There is a faint odor of Technocracy in the air.) One of these machines in particular caught my eye. It was solemnly writing on a long and wide sheet of paper, all by itself, the names and addresses of cotton planters, their acreage, crop yield and other pertinent data—and then adding up the totals at the bottom of the page. This machine can write checks, all but the signature, with name, address and amount accurately filled in—at the rate of 150 a minute!

A few days before my visit, a Russian straight from Moscow was shown through this room. He was not much impressed by anything until he came to the machines. Then he clutched at his hair, and threw his arms wide to the winds. "By the sacred Five Year Plan!" he said (or words to that effect), "*this* is a revolution." And I think he was right.

Disembodied Intelligence

The room is circular, all white, simply and beautifully furnished. A few windows look out upon a sunny lawn and flowers; there are several doors, and the wall space between them is hung with Currier-and-Ivesish prints of early American landscapes. Before the windows is a great desk, and behind it a massive office chair, tilted far back. The President of the United States is sitting, or indeed almost reclining, in it, looking up at fifty or more newspaper men and women clustered in a close half-circle before him. If you stand in the rear of the crowd, you can see only his huge head, thrown so far back that it is almost horizontal, the complexion fresh and ruddy, the close-cut graying hair carelessly brushed, the alert eyes lighting up as his quick smile flashes on and off, or his laugh rings out. He likes to banter with the journalists, whom he has captivated by his charm and friendliness to such an extraordinary and probably undesirable extent. Seeing only that great head, one has a feeling of a disembodied intelligence, of some one above the battle, immune to certain of the difficulties, doubts and heartaches of other men. While this feeling is

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of course not wholly justified, there is nevertheless something in it. Never did any man's sanguine temperament, his sunny refusal to borrow trouble, stand him in better stead. It may prove in the light of history a miraculous advantage for America that the President was not very well grounded in economics, that he set out so blithely to attempt things some of which are likely to prove impossible. Many another shrewd executive has surrounded himself with men who do not agree with one another and has let them fight it out, as the President is doing; but surely no person holding an equally responsible post has ever been franker in revealing to the public the fact that this was going on, that his policies are experimental and tentative and subject to being scrapped without notice if and when it seems to him wise to do so. Mr. Roosevelt is not only capable of swapping horses while crossing a stream; he is likely at any moment to change streams while keeping the same horse. His faults are the obverse of his virtues; and both are appropriate to the last degree in a man whose destiny it is to be in the saddle while vast changes are taking place. It is hard to imagine Herbert Hoover, in a revolutionary situation, doing anything else but die, glumly and angrily, behind the barricades; it is quite easy to imagine Roosevelt, if there were enough handwriting on a sufficient number of walls, becoming a candidate for first President of the All-American Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. And getting the post, by the suffrage of 121 millions of his fellow-countrymen who, broadly speaking, haven't heard of Russia.

The Vertical Brain Trust

The notion of a little group of willful professors banded in Washington to lead the government, probably astray, is already badly out of date. The brain trust has deepened and broadened. Washington today is full of experts of all kinds, suddenly summoned to the aid of the government, jerked out of academic seclusion, mostly, or out of the lists of junior partners of big law firms, slightly bewildered by their new activity, but settling into it with pleased trepidation. You could hold a conference of America's leading agricultural economists, for instance, in the capital, and hardly a man would have to spend for carfare any of that money which, in all reasonable probability, he doesn't possess. Labor men, statistical men, welfare people are here, underpinning with their factual knowledge the bold plans of their usually more ignorant but equally well intentioned superiors. It is something of a sign of the times that among the bright young men of America (excepting, perhaps, the most radical) it has become the smart thing to go down and work for the government.

Using the phrase about the brain trust in this broad sense, I should like to say a word for its members. The customary observation is that they are "professors," and that all professors are fuzzy-minded incompetents, unable to make decisions, incapable of taking a strong executive line, happy only when they are working under orders from somebody else. Don't you believe it. In my life I have met a great many professors; and through the accident of journalistic work it also happens that I have met and talked at length with perhaps eighteen of the twenty leading industrialists of the country. These great industrialists show no higher average of executive competence, in my opinion, than do an equal number of outstanding professors. What the industrialists have is stubborn egoism and lack of imagination. The first of these qualities enables them to drive ahead until they get what they want, if only by boring people so horribly that they give in to escape (when I was a boy in Iowa, "piggishness" was the common word for this characteristic). The second enables them to do cruel things—as, for instance, to pay cruelly low wages to large numbers of employees—without any scruple, simply because they are unable to imagine the suffering of anybody who is not physically present where they are. After twenty-five years' observation of both these sorts of people, I am aware of no reason why this country, or any country, cannot be run by professors as well as or better than by the masterful lords of industry.

Claw in the Trap

He is an intelligent observer of affairs in Washington, whose position enables him to know what is going on, and will go on, better than almost anyone else you care to name; and this is what he said, leaning across the table in the conditioned-air restaurant where most of the New Dealers gather for lunch these broiling summer days:

"Two things to remember: First, that what is now being done can never be undone. If the New Deal succeeds we won't go back; if it fails, we can't —no matter who wants to or how much. The command is forward, from now on. And the movement is certainly toward the left.

"Second: No one should get too much excited about the inadequacies of some of the first codes which are being set up, the fact that minimum wages are too low and working weeks longer than the country needs to produce all the goods which can possibly be sold. The important thing is not the texts of the codes, but the fact that we have them at all, that the industries are accepting them, no matter how reluctantly, with however many sighs or groans or inward reservations. Once any code is in effect, machinery exists for changing it on brief notice, in any direction and to practically any degree. What we have done up to now is just an effort to get the bear's claw in the trap. It was imperatively necessary that he put it in himself. But once it is there! . . ."

To be sure, bears have been known to get their claws in traps, and then break the trap.

Bruce Bliven.

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Steel Mill

[*Hearings on the Steel Code in Washington, the attempt of the steel companies to maintain company unions in spite of the provisions of the National Recovery Act, and the possibility of strikes in the industry have focused attention on the actual working conditions in the steel mills, and on the position of workers enrolled in company unions. The following article was written while the author was employed as a laborer in a large—and typical—Pennsylvania steel mill*—THE EDITORS.]

HOW EAGER you are the first day! Steel is picking up and at last you have a job. How you keep your eyes open; how everything soaks in!

Hugging your lunch under your arm you trail the army that flows from alley and byway into the main street. With a thousand others you jangle your brass check at the gate. Now for ten hours you belong to the steel mill. You aren't a person. You are No. 19771.

It is a strange city the army has swept you into. It has streets, houses, trains, bridges, towers, smokestacks, trestles. It shrieks with noise and quakes with motion. But there is something diseased, something dead about it too. A black world, smothered in cinders and grime. The very air hitches at your throat and scratches at your eyes.

What makes these men walk that way, you wonder, with that slow, sodden step? What is there in these faces that catches at you, clamps down the first-day buoyance of your spirit?

Oh, you've lots to learn, young fellow, with your fresh overalls and your fresh body and that first-day willingness in your eyes. Wait a while; the mill will teach you. Here you stop wide-eyed to watch red-hot rails plunge through rollers; or steel fingers of a crane strip molds from fiery ingots; or cascades of molten steel blaze over a spout into the pit. Power, beauty, poetry, what? Give the mill time. It will blind your eyes and wilt your legs like all the rest. Soon like all the rest you will plod in and plod out; stripped to bare muscle sensation; a numbered human machine that eats, sleeps and works.

The shanty of the maintenance department is a brick hole with splattered windows. Men in overalls black with muck lean against shovels, hoes, sledge hammers. Some are squeezed on benches along a wall. Nobody talks. Dull eyes stare at nothing out of broad dull faces. Lips are tight.

Most of them are Negroes. The rest are Slavs with a sprinkling of Italian, Irish, two or three American boys. Hardly half a dozen are over thirty.

The whistle howls. An oily-faced foreman pops out of an office like a jack-in-the-box, bleats at the men for numbers, and assigns jobs. A minute later everybody is clumping off with the mill-hand chain-step. The sledge hammers, shovels, wheelbarrows go with them.

"Laborer?" the foreman bleats.

"Laborer," you shout.

He sizes you up. He prods your muscles with his eyes: tender? tough? submissive? How is this hunk of meat?

"The brick-shed for you. Follow them."

You duck along the open-hearth dampers after the brick-shed gang.

MAN-KILLER

They are relining the E and they send you "down below." The E is that madman's dream of criss-cross pipes, vertical chutes, cones, domes, cylinders and towers known as a blast furnace. And mind you, the Steel Trust is giving you a raise: a cent and a half raise on thirty-three cents an hour. Also by tacking on an hour to your ten-hour working day, you are hoisted well into the upper crust of Milltown prosperity.

Eleven hours, $3.74 a day. The bulk of "contented labor" in Mr. Robert Lamont's "Republic of Steel" considers itself lucky to earn an occasional $2.64 for an eight-hour day. Eleven hours. You toughen into it. But fatigue remains your enemy. Swing that sledge; wheel that brick; push that mud-stick; hoe that cement—till pain stabs your arms and wrists and eats a hole in your side. Sweat cakes to your skin, bakes it on hard like a plaster cast.

You straighten up to ease your back.

"Hey, you, 771, what the hell's the matter there? Takin' a vacation? If you ain't goin' to work, go on down to the shanty and get your slip."

"All that pusher needs," mutters the Negro at your side, "is a whip."

You divide the day into periods. At ten there are eight hours left. Now your muscles are limbered up; you work waiting for twelve, hoarding your strength, hitting a steady pace. Minutes crawl. At last the noon whistle; the day is about half over. Rest, food, a drink of water, warmth beside an open fire. You return to work refreshed, but your muscles have grown stiff. How that damned wheelbarrow drags! That sledge hammer weighs a ton. Now comes the horrible grind of the day. Eternity passes before the three-o'clock whistle blows. At four your buddy cries, "It won't be long now!" You hitch up your overalls, wipe the smudge from your eyes, and echo: "Yep, they can't kill us now."

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Six-thirty rolls around and you're through. The first week you fall asleep with your clothes on, too tired to eat.

Day shift is bad enough, but night shift frazzles you. Winter roars in with zero weather, snow, icy rain, winds that rasp the skin off your face. You pile on three pairs of socks, two pairs of gloves, a flannel shirt, layers of sweaters. Pushing a loaded buggy up an icy plank, that does its work, buddy, that steams you up. Even so the cold bores in. Eventually you sneak up to the coke salamander, clapping frozen fingers over frozen ears.

Sometimes Bill the pusher falls asleep. There are no "big bosses" prowling around at night. You take your cue from the Negroes, drop your wheelbarrow and close in on the fire. You stand in a stupor, hands stretched over coals. A snow storm blows up. They are tapping the D: fiery "soup" does a halting, zigzag hurdle down the troughs. Snow swirls through red haze. Now a stream of molten sunlight cleaves the blizzard and tumbles into the ladle in a shower of sparks.

Somebody starts telling jokes. Around the circle they go, the smuttiest yarns you ever heard. Then grown serious they talk about their jobs, their freight-car travels, their pushers, their wives, their women, their hard, bitter, baffled, knock-about lives. God, how they hate the company! Hate comes gushing out like tapped steel when you say "the company." Hate chokes them up, squirts boiling over their lips.

"Think of it. The biggest company in the world. And did you ever see such lice?"

"But if you got a good job. . . . "

"Good job! They ain't no good job in this God-damn jail."

"Ah done work damn near everywhere. But Ah ain't never see a place like dis. Dey wants a man to go all de time, *all* de time."

"A whip. That's all they need, a whip."

Soon Bill the pusher wakes up and there's hell to pay and you go scurrying after your wheelbarrow like a booted cur.

After midnight it's a tussle. You fight sleep, you fight the job, you fight the cold. Then in the frozen morning you strip and pile into bed.

"Night shift ain't no good. Night shift's hell," you say to one another. Even the toughest millhand dreads the night shift. Next week when you swing to day, all your habits have been blasted. You cannot eat at meal-times. Your eyes droop when you have to watch your step. You toss in bed at night.

Thirty-four and a half cents an hour, night and day, turn about. You begin to understand why they call steel a man-killer.

Hot Time in Milltown

Something happens to the gang as daybreak comes this morning.

The Italians babble more than ever. Tony the cement mixer doesn't crab when you bawl for another batch. He even laughs when Paddy slops his wheelbarrow through the cement pile and yodels: "Hey, presto, quicko, Italiano, God-damn, Antonio Spaghett'!"

The black boys are hilarious. Most of them duck for the toilet. The Deacon clumps around flat-footed with a wide grin. "Jelly-Roll" laughs and claps you on the back. "Smoke" sings:

I don't want no
Want no cornbread, beans and molasses;
I don't want no
Want no cornbread, beans and molasses;
At supper time,
Lawd, Lawd, at supper time.

Oh, hand me down
A can of corn and tomatoes
For my meal,
Lawd, Lawd, for my meal.

When the whistle blows there is a scrambie for the gate. You even kid the coal-and-iron cop going out.

You don't sleep much this morning. At noon, scrubbed and dressed, you amble into the street. Men collect in knots. Storekeepers are cluttering up their windows. Milltown is shaking itself into life with an air of giddy expectation.

You haven't time for any of this. It's pay day. Pay day, man!

You hurry to the pay gate and hitch up at the end of the line.

"Hi, there, Ollie. What you goin' to do with it all, Ollie?"

"How many days you make this pay, Spanish?"

"Hey, Wop, why the hell don't you buy yourself a new pair of pants?"

"God-damn, go home too much this pay. No work. No catch 'em full pay."

You jingle your check, mutter your name, and clutch the envelope in your pocket as the cop steers you out.

Twenty-nine, ninety-two. That's what you have worked for half a month. Work is slack. There were nights they sent you home. At that, you're lucky. Some of the others made only four or five shifts. Maybe seven, eight dollars a week; the Steel Trust's "high wages." Some of the others have wives and kids and homes to keep. Some of them still hold the steel mill's brass check and earn nothing.

Twenty-nine, ninety-two. There's going to be a hot time in the old town tonight.

Everybody is milling on the street. Beggars tap canes against the current. They sit against doorsteps, their artificial legs bared, whining for nickels. They yammer dismal songs. They wheeze accordions and tweak violin strings. Nuns wth gloomy faces hold cups at street corners. Salvation Army girls jangle tambourines.

Tomorrow they will all move over to McKeesport.

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But today is pay day in Milltown. Hunky John has money. Black Boy, Pitcairn Red and Italiano have pockets full of the steel mill's "big money." Sic 'em, Milltown, here's your prey!

Main Street looks like Coney Island. Milltown is hitching up its pants for its semi-monthly spree.

Speakeasies get first crack at pay envelopes. It is hard to pass them by. They line up for a block at the end of town where the mill begins. Dingy little cigar stands, squalid little grocery stores, an avenue of stinking alcoholic oblivion sliding down to the sweaty hell of the furnaces.

Women with scarfs over their heads and kids strung out like sausage chains keep guard for their men. Twice a month there is a tug-of-war between the speakeasies and Milltown's women.

Your head is swimming when you stagger out in the evening. Your pay envelope is thinner by a long day's work or two. But oh, you are bursting with a riot of release. Something tight and choking, something like a yoke or a rein has sprung inside of you. You flop down the main street, waving a wide arm at your buddies, hooting at the girls, splashing into one mill-hand pool after another, tipping back in bawdy belly-laughter at the jokes.

"Hi, there, Mike, you God-damn old Harp. How you doin', Dave? How's the woman and the new baby? What you want to have so God-damn many babies for? God, ain't this fun? It's like a fair. Everybody's out spendin' it. Whoops, baby, pay day! Pay day comes but twice a month, Sweet A-a-deline."

"Nope, buddy, no more booze. I'm tanked up plenty. Got to do a night's shift tonight. Got to go home and grab an hour's sleep or two. Christ, ain't that lousy? Pay day and a guy's got to be on night shift tonight."

Down on Railroad Avenue, down in Hunkytown, in the muck, windows are lighted up with red. Hunkytown is celebrating. Accordions pant and weird Slavic songs curdle the air.

Night shift sobers you. You bend under the yoke again. Squalor and misery swallow you up. Your riot of release bubbles away. It leaves you worn, battered, crippled.

Ollie is still drunk. He has just sense enough to hang on to himself when the pusher comes around. You have to do his work and your work too. You do it grudgingly, with a splitting head and a body racked with fatigue. Still, this majestic black Alabama boy is your friend. Think of the nights he helped you out: that night in the ash-hopper when you got a cramp in your hand and Ollie swung a lump-hammer against a concrete wall for hours, finishing your I-beam hole. You've got to stand by Ollie now.

"Ollie," you say as daybreak rolls around, "what's us guys getting out of life? You sit around, starving for a week and moaning that you haven't any work. Then you get work: you work like a bastard day and night, and soon pay day comes, and what do you do? Go out and get drunk. Slop up like a pig and back to the harness with you. First thing you know they make a new machine, or the stock market takes another flop, and fifty of us go tramping the street with an empty gut. If that don't get you, by and by you're forty and they give you the can. I'm asking you, Ollie, is that the way a human being ought to live?"

Ollie grunts. "Hell, you ain't got it so bad. You're white."

Trudging home in the thin grey morning: now you see Milltown for what she is. Carnival is over. The gaudy trappings are gone. Here she sleeps between barren black hills, a toothless old bitch with a foul breath sprawled in filth beside a scummy river. Streets littered with paper and garbage; ramshackle houses charred with grime; junk heaps for yards, mud and cinder and smoke and soot.

That's what the steel mill has made of this town.

You meet the day shift coming in. The steel mill made these men too. It took their young bodies and crippled them with remorseless labor. It bleared their eyes with smoke. It broke their spirit with starvation, threats, fear, perpetual worry. The greed of the Steel Trust sucked these men dry. Only deformed hulks of men are left.

There is a whole valley of towns like this, all the way up from Pittsburgh; towns full of crippled men. Wherever in this valley the Steel Trust laid its hand it stripped the hills, polluted the river, befouled the cities, warped the people.

That's why they call it The Black Valley.

Efficiency

Translated into the workers' terms, efficiency means: If you haven't anything else to do carry a plank five yards. Lay it down. Pick it up. Carry it back where it came from. Repeat. Or load up a wheelbarrow. Wheel it half-way around a furnace. Unload it. Reload it. Wheel it back again. Keep it up.

When the pusher is looking, hop to it, boy. Show him your stuff. Splash your energy around like an oil geyser on a rampage. The more you dissipate your strength, the higher your Efficiency.

Without pushers there could be no Efficiency. A pusher is a workman who for seventy cents or a dollar extra a day consents to be the company's whip. His business is to drive his gang at top speed. Unless his gang completes as much work as the gang on the other shift, he has failed as a pusher. He aims to complete more. The pusher is driven in this race of pushers to keep screwing up the speed.

It takes a certain type of man to make a pusher. He must have snap to his voice and endurance in his lungs. Anything like compassion, a sense of community interest with his men, desire for their friendship and respect: that's out. Men with such weaknesses don't stick at pushing. The very working of the efficiency system shoves the cheapest

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loudest, hardest, and greediest of men into commanding positions.

A hundred workmen tell you: "I had my chance at it too. But I couldn't eat dirt from the big boss. I couldn't be cur enough with my men. So I told 'em where to stick their pushin' job and their God-damn dollar blood money a day."

Take Johnny Bull Sargent and Hot Nose Hartsell, for instance. Working in the open-hearth, even under the best conditions, is hell enough. The heat, the dust, the nerve-jangling noise, the danger rub you raw. Hot Nose and Johnny Bull turn it into a nightmare.

Johnny Bull is a hideous cockney Englishman with a greasy featureless face. Except for his blaring voice, he makes you think of a nasty little sparrow. To see him hopping about, whipping you on while you work with fury in the sickening heat, to hear his fog-horn sarcasms, to watch him strut his brazen triumphant ignorance—it makes you want to bash in his skull. If he were merely ugly, it wouldn't be so bad. It is his cockney oiliness that infuriates you, his smirk, his sneer, the treacherous sweetness of his, "Come on, sonny boy, we've got to finish this before the whistle blows." "You ain't at a funeral now, buddy."

Hot Nose, who looks like a bald-headed old buzzard, is more brutal, rougher. There isn't much to choose between them. Both are ideal pushers. Both are perfect products of the efficiency system. Both are universally despised.

You will hear men talk for hours about their pushers, talk with a helpless choking rancor. "There ain't no good pushers," they cry. "A man can't be a pusher if he ain't a son-of-a-bitch." Nobody ever mentions Johnny Bull Sargent or Hot Nose Hartsell without the foulest kind of hate steaming from his lips.

At first you want to laugh at all this cackle, this running and fighting and yapping and hopping, this shrieking frenzy that marks the voodoo rites of the Great God Efficiency. You don't laugh long. It eats under your skin. Remorseless driving ten or eleven hours a day, the heat, the baked-in dirt, the insatiable yelp of the pusher, the cowed submission of the men—little by little they grind you down. They sap you of your human pride, your respect for yourself as a man, your respect for other men.

You learn to stall. Watch the Negroes, they can teach you. How resourceful they are, how cool and unruffled under the pusher's whip! As a last resort, there's always the toilet you can steal away to. Even here Efficiency in the uniform of the coal-and-iron police comes spying on you.

You grow sullen and embittered. You sit down at night too tired to lift yourself again. You think viciously: "What am I here? A piece of meat? A muscle that you pull off the hook when the alarm clock rings and slap back on again at night? A mule that you drive out of the stall and drive back in again?"

Your newspaper fills you with a smoldering rage. "The New Deal," comes the divine revelation from the White House. "Labor and capital working harmoniously toward the recovery of the nation."

"Where does Milltown come in?" you ask yourself. "We who live in the Rankins and Pitcairns, the Braddocks and Homesteads, live in a two-room shack with an outside privy, where's *our* New Deal? We don't exist for the boiled-shirts who juggle steel profits in Washington. We're down somewhere below the human level, millions of us, down in a black pit of oblivion. Where is our voice, our paper, our movie, our drama? Who is there to stand up and cry aloud our rage and our despair? Shhh. You mustn't mention us. We who produce the bone and gristle of America, we must be dumb as we are wretched. To speak of us is dangerous, it's muckracking, Bolshevism, treason. It isn't good taste. It isn't Art. It isn't nice. Be silent in the name of Efficiency. Nothing must stop the profits of the U. S. Steel."

Even bitterness burns out. You can't live forever with a white hot hate. Day after day and night after night the mill crushes down on you. You fight and curse and sweat. Then you gorge down your meat and crawl into bed and forget about it. Drabness smothers you up like an infinite blanket. You are mangled into something without spark, something less than a man, something between a packhorse and a machine.

That's what the Steel Trust wants. Men like that are slow to revolt. Once you have learned to move blindly, never murmuring, never complaining, then you have become the full ripe fruit of Efficiency. Then you have become the perfect millhand.

HARBOR ALLEN.

This Dim and Ptolemaic Man

For forty years, for forty-one,
Sparing the profits of the sun
This farmer piled his meager hoard
To buy at last a rattly Ford.

Now crouched on a scared smile he feels
Motion spurt beneath his heels,
Rheumatically intent shifts gears
And loosens joints of forty years.

Morning light obscures the stars,
He swerves, avoiding other cars,
Wheels with the road, does not discern,
He eastward goes at every turn.

Nor how his aged limbs are whirled
Through all the motions of the world
How wild—past farms, past ricks—past trees—
He perishes toward Hercules.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP.

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Dakota Shifts the Farmers' Burden

NORTH DAKOTA is at it again. This time it is an experiment in taxation. Under the practical dictatorship of Governor Langer, the legislature recently put through a long string of bills ranging from drastic cuts in oppropriations (over 50 percent on all state expenditures) to a sales-tax and stamped-scrip bill.

North Dakota is purely agricultural. It has never had more than five or six millionaires within its borders and during the Hoover administration this number was reduced to two or three. The state income-tax records indicate that only two individuals have incomes of more than $100,000 a year, and less than fifty individuals earn more than $30,000. It is doubtful if there are a thousand individuals who make more than $10,000 per annum. True, the two main railway systems traversing the state and the International Harvester trust have milked the state of millions, as has the Twin City flour trust. The new tax laws will make them pay a juster share of the state's expenses.

A year ago the railroad directors put their heads together and with the help of their North Dakota attorneys, proceeded to draw up five of the cutest laws you ever saw to rid themselves of 30 to 40 percent of their taxes in the state. Four of the laws were "bait" in order to put the fifth one over. Knowing the jealousy existing toward the office holders on the part of the non-office holders, they drew up one law cutting the salaries of all county employees 20 percent. A second law slashed 20 percent from the salaries of the state employees. Two other laws slashed public expenditures. The fifth law provided that all valuations should be cut 33 1/3 percent for taxation purposes. This cut the valuations of the railroad and utility companies tens of millions of dollars. The maximum tax levies which can be made are based on a percentage basis of the assessed valuations.

The railroads and other utilities pay approximately 20 percent of all taxes in the state, and this law reduced their taxes more than 30 percent at one stroke. The utility valuations are determined by the State Equalization Board and hold for two years, whereas the farm lands are assessed each year, and valuations of farm lands can be raised to ensure the additional taxes which may be needed to run schools and other public business.

The Non-Partisan League elected every state official last November and had an overwhelming majority in both houses of the legislature. Thus it was not difficult to put through progressive tax legislation. The legislature enacted some legislation which the major utilities will keep in the courts as long as they can. Perhaps they can knock it out, but it is not very likely.

The taxes on farm lands have been oppressive the last few years owing to the extremely low prices for wheat and other farm products. Therefore the sales tax and other direct taxes are not quite so abhorrent to the population of the state as they are in those states where a large portion of the population is gathered in industrial centers. Sixty percent of all taxes in the state are obtained from levies upon farms, 20 percent from city property, and 20 percent from the railroads and utilities.

Moreover, rural schools were threatened with closing and interest on state bonds issued for the purpose of making farm loans was in danger of being defaulted. All of these factors—the emergency, the fairly equal distribution of property and income and the necessity of raising cash to pay unavoidable expenditures—combined to persuade the legislature to pass the sales tax.

Legislative leaders decided upon a three-way taxing program which would meet the pressing needs, lighten the farm-tax burden and increase the taxes of those able to pay. The progressive leaders, under the guidance of Congressman William Lemke, who drew up most of the socialistic legislation passed by the famous 1919 Non-Partisan legislature, determined to enact a three-way tax program to include:

1. A high income and inheritance tax.
2. A high gross income tax on public utilities.
3. A 2-percent general sales tax.

The law as finally passed and signed is so drastic that some more of the boys in the higher brackets will probably change their residence to other states where income taxes are lower. Five times as much revenue will be raised as under the old law. The scale, which starts with a tax on an income of $500 for a single person, $1,000 for a married person, and only $200 exemption for each dependent, is as follows:

On net incomes	up to	$2,000	tax	1	%
In excess of	$2,000 up to	4,000	tax	2	%
In excess of	4,000 up to	5,000	tax	3	%
In excess of	5,000 up to	6,000	tax	5	%
In excess of	6,000 up to	8,000	tax	7½	%
In excess of	8,000 up to	10,000	tax	10	%
In excess of	10,000 up to	15,000	tax	12½	%
All net incomes over	$15,000		tax	15	%

The highest rate under the old income-tax law had been 6 percent. The old rate for inheritance taxes was a maximum of 6 percent on million-dollar estates and 7 percent on estates in excess of $1,500,000. Most of the estates fell into the one-perce[nt] tax class, with a few in the 2-percent class which to[uched] in estates up to $100,000. Under the new law an[y]

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heirs so unfortunate as to inherit more than a million dollars will find the state willing to take 21 percent of it. Here are the rates:

		Inheritance Tax
Estates under	$25,000	2%
$25,000 to	50,000	4%
50,000 to	100,000	6%
100,000 to	200,000	8%
200,000 to	400,000	10%
400,000 to	600,000	12%
600,000 to	800,000	14%
800,000 to	1,000,000	17%
1,000,000 to	1,500,000	21%
1,500,000 and over		23%

The second part of the North Dakota tax program was as stiff a gross income tax as any squirming utility ever dreamed of in its worst nightmare. A sort of companion measure to the tax bill, which was fixed at no less than 12 percent of the gross income, was a bill giving the Railroad Commission, which has supervision over public utilities in North Dakota, the right to institute investigations with a view to reducing utility rates. The tax burden has been shifted to a large extent from the farmers to those who have an actual cash income.

The third division of the tax program is a sales tax. A levy of 2 percent is made on all sales except those involving some agricultural products. The proceeds of the sales tax will be used for two purposes only. First, to pay the interest on real-estate bonds sold by the state to furnish farm loans to bona-fide farmers, because the farmers have defaulted upon their interest payments, making it impossible for the state to meet the interest payments coming due on state bonds without some such income. Second, 25 percent of this sales tax will go into a school equalization fund from which rural schools derive sufficient funds to keep open, which relieves farms from part of the heavy local school taxes. Inasmuch as the proceeds of the sales tax were to be used for these two purposes, the legislature was willing to pass a law for this unorthodox tax—unorthodox to the progressives.

All North Dakota needed to take care of its financial troubles in an extremity was a law authorizing the issuance of money. The legislators recognized the constitutional bar to direct printing of money, so a bill was passed permitting the state to issue "tax certificates." This scrip bill provides that the state may issue tax certificates in one and five-dollar denominations against delinquent taxes. These are redeemable in three ways. First, when fifty stamps (two-cent stamps on one dollar and ten-cent stamps on five-dollar certificates) have been affixed to the back of the certificates. Second, redeemable at par in payment of delinquent taxes one year after issuance, with or without stamps affixed. Third, redeemable at par in cash after two years. This currency, or rather these tax certificates, are not intended for extensive use at present, but the law is on the statute books and if the need arises North Dakota will issue this currency.

This drastic tax legislation will certainly be taken into court, where some of it may be declared unconstitutional. But North Dakota is used to that, and the next session will see similar laws passed with the unconstitutional features removed. Its extensive program of state ownership inaugurated in 1919, including a state-owned bank, a mill, a terminal elevator, bonding fund, fire and tornado insurance upon all public buildings, hail insurance at cost and other enterprises is still functioning in a beneficial manner, with all political factions favoring its retention.

ALFRED S. DALE.

The New Deal and Liberia

AT PRESENT the League of Nations and the United States are attempting to induce the Negro republic of Liberia to accept an international "reconstruction" plan. However admirable in theory such plans may be, the present proposal if adopted will seriously injure the development of Liberia, it will further undermine the reputation of the League, and it will violate President Roosevelt's "good neighbor" policy. The chief beneficiary will be the Firestone Rubber Company.

The difficulties confronting Liberia arise out of historical and racial causes, the world depression and the Firestone contracts of 1926. In these contracts the Liberian government granted Mr. Firestone a rubber concession of a million acres, without making any adequate safeguards concerning native land and labor. In return it received a loan of $2,500,000 and agreed to accept the services of five American financial officials, named by the State Department. The proceeds of this loan went entirely for unproductive purposes. Of the $156,000 expended on public works, a League Committee of Experts recently declared that the "distressing thing" was that this sum was "squandered as a result of the deplorable advice" of the American Financial Adviser. (Notwithstanding this fact the State Department appointed the same official to a similar position in Haiti which he still holds.) The 1926 contract also gave Mr. Firestone a veto over any new Liberian loans for twenty years. It is doubtful whether, since the days of the Congo Free State, any private corporation has obtained more far-reaching powers in a backward country. The Liberian government accepted the 1926 contracts

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largely because of the pressure from the State Department.

Despite these contracts, conditions steadily grew worse, until by 1931 the financial charges imposed by the Firestone contract absorbed nearly 55 percent of the entire budget. In 1930 an international commission reported that forced labor was general throughout the country. The findings of this commission were an implicit condemnation of the Liberian policy of the United States which was indirectly responsible for these conditions.

Following the overthrow of President King, who had granted the Firestone contracts, a new government, headed by Edwin Barclay, at once promulgated reforms. It also appealed to the League of Nations to assist it in a reconstruction program. The United States acquiesced to this proposal and for a time it was believed that the State Department was willing to relinquish its exclusive position in Liberia in favor of genuine international control. The success of the League's effort depended, however, not only upon the organization of a system of responsible and disinterested advisers, but also upon a fundamental revision of the Firestone contracts. As several representatives in the League Council diplomatically declared, "The coexistence in Liberia of a weak state and a powerful foreign undertaking gives rise to disadvantages. . . ."

After a year and a half of negotiation, the League and Liberia finally accepted a plan in September, 1932, providing for the appointment of a Chief Adviser responsible to the League Council and eight foreign administrators and doctors responsible in the first instance to the President of Liberia. Should the Liberian government fail to accept the recommendations of the Chief Adviser, the question would be decided by the Council, acting unanimously except for Liberia. The plan was an ingenious effort to reconcile the sovereignty of Liberia with outside supervision. The United States, however, prevented the adoption of a real international plan. It favored the retention of the right to nominate the five American financial officers under the 1926 contract, thus requiring the maintenance of two sets of officials in the country, which involves the danger of friction and needless expense. Secondly, it demanded that the powers of the Chief Adviser be strengthened; finally, it declared that the adoption of the plan depended upon the consent of Mr. Firestone.

In September, 1932, the United States gave the League and Liberia to understand that Mr. Firestone would come to Geneva at once to negotiate concerning the matter. For several months, however, Mr. Firestone let the League cool its heels and then announced that instead of negotiating at Geneva he would send a representative to Monrovia. This attitude irritated both the League and Liberia, and after vainly requesting financial relief, the Monrovian government in December, 1932, and January, 1933, unilaterally declared a moratorium on the Firestone loan and summarily dismissed several American loan officials. Sharply protesting against this "confiscatory" action, the State Department declared that it would oppose any outside aid to Liberia until these acts were repealed. The State Department did not intend that Liberia should follow the example of a dozen other independent governments in defaulting on its foreign obligations. The United States followed its protest by sending General Blanton Winship of the War Department to Monrovia.

In June of this year Mr. Firestone finally presented his terms to the League committee, and it is virtually these terms which the League and the United States now ask Liberia to accept. The new plan differs radically from the one accepted by the League last year. The powers of the foreign officials in Liberia are considerably strengthened, and the supervision of the plan is vested in the hands of a League committee, acting by a majority of two-thirds. The establishment of a foreign commission, having dictatorial powers, might be justified for a temporary period if the Liberian people had any assurance that such a commission would exercise its authority for their benefit. An examination of the new plan, however, makes it evident that the primary task of the League officials will be to safeguard the Firestone interests. It proposes a budget of $300,000 for ordinary government expenses; $202,000 for the League and American experts, and $231,000 for debt charges, or a total of $733,000. For 1933, however, revenues are estimated to be only $456,600. Obviously it will be impossible for the Liberian government to meet its debt charges unless revenues markedly increase. Recognizing this fact, those who drew up the original League plan called for a complete moratorium on the Firestone loan. The new plan, however, merely lowers the interest rate from 7 percent to 5 percent (lowering the debt figure to $231,000), and provides that if the government is unable to meet interest out of current revenue it should issue new bonds to the company. It is probable that this plan will increase Liberia's debt materially. The proposed budget, moreover, makes no appropriation for education whatever on the comfortable theory that this task should be left to the missionaries. Compared with the drastic debt readjustments elsewhere, these terms are obviously far from generous. Moreover, although the League committee last year urged the reduction in the size of the rubber concession and an increase in rental from six to fifty cents an acre, Mr. Firestone declined to accept these terms. The new plan merely declares that he will "take account of competent opinions" in developing his concession and consult the Chief Adviser in the selection of additional land. On the other hand, Liberia must promise to repeal the "confiscatory" legislation enacted last December and must not grant any further concessions except after consulting the Chief Adviser. Thus it will be virtually unable to bring any other enterprise into the country. Moreover, Mr. Firestone insists that

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the League Chief Adviser should be an American. Since the financial officials must also be American, this demand strikes at the very heart of the plan. Finally, this scheme is not to be underwritten by the League or outside governments, but by Mr. Firestone. The original plan was to have been financed by the remainder of the 1926 loan which Mr. Firestone has not yet turned over to the Liberian government; but the new plan provides that he shall establish a working capital fund of $150,000 and guarantee that this fund shall always be sufficient to pay the expenses of the foreign experts, estimated at $78,000 annually. Such a proposal is humiliating to the League. No international organization should thus place itself in the hands of an interested corporation. The success of this plan depends upon the ability of the League to control Mr. Firestone as well as President Barclay. But if Mr. Firestone finances the plan, it will be impossible for the League to act against his wishes.

This solicitude for the Firestone concession stands in striking contrast to the recent revision of the Anglo-Persian oil concession, obtained partly through the good offices of the League. In this revision, the Anglo-Persian Company has agreed to reduce the area of its operations, surrender the exclusive right to lay pipe lines, and increase the sums paid to the Persian government. The League explains its inability to obtain a similar revision of the Firestone concession on the ground that it can do nothing against the wishes of the State Department. Although this does not justify the League in relieving the State Department of the task of protecting these vast contracts, it is still true that the United States is primarily responsible for the existing Liberian situation. Under the previous administration, one could not have expected the State Department to be firm with Mr. Firestone, because it was Mr. Hoover who joined with Mr. Firestone in a campaign against the British rubber "monopoly," and it was Mr. Firestone who contributed $20,396.74 to Mr. Hoover's 1932 campaign. But it is astonishing that the Roosevelt administration, one could not have expected the State decessor on this question. The only possible explanation is that, pressed with more immediate duties, the political heads of the new administration have had no time for Liberia and have entrusted this question entirely to subordinate permanent officials who apparently have no understanding of or sympathy with the New Deal. The proposal to reconstruct Liberia should be radically revised. The leading governments, instead of Mr. Firestone, should guarantee the annual minimum of $78,000 to finance this plan—an insignificant sum—the Firestone rubber concession should be reduced from a million acres to, say, 200,000 acres, Liberia should be granted a moratorium, and the United States should surrender its exclusive privileges under the receivership in favor of a real international plan.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL.

Washington Notes

Generalissimo Johnson—Strikes and the N.R.A —Raising Goose Pimples on the Rich— The Bankers Watch Their Step

THE MOST important thing which has happened here this week is the definite change in policy of General Hugh Johnson and the N.R.A. toward organized labor. Even ten days ago, fears were generally expressed that the setting up of the N.R.A. would result in giving legal sanction to the company-union system for the greater part of American industry. Today these fears seem ill founded. What has brought about this change is, of course, the prairie fire of strikes and threats of strikes which has run up and down the eastern half of the United States, and particularly the coal strike which has now been settled, temporarily, by the intervention of the government.

At the present moment the most that can be said is that the situation is fluid. From the beginning of his regency, General Johnson has pursued a policy of sharp turns. It is a waste of time to predict in any detail what he is going to do tomorrow or the next day. One must always remember in relation to labor questions, however, not only that the new Industrial Dispute Committee has a pro-labor majority, but that the Board which is in authority over General Johnson, his counsel, Donald R. Richberg, and some of the most trusted advisers within his administration know what collective bargaining is all about, and favor recognition of organized labor. The General's talent for zigzagging is perhaps his most salient characteristic, and one which, incidentally, has largely eluded the "corps of correspondents." Countless columns have been written to show that the General is a "safe" man—"safe" for the established order of industry—and the few radical and labor correspondents here have done their utmost to prove him a black-shirted Mussolini. The best guess is that he is neither.

In judging what he will do regarding labor in general, his past record is of little help. During the first part of June, the General was obviously engaged in an attempt to kid the manufacturers along. The N.R.A., at that time, was being boycotted by industrialists; few industries had prepared codes or showed any signs of preparing them. The General was kindly, sympathetic, eager to help all business men, and by the end of the month he had the corridors of the Department of Commerce building jammed with manufacturers, clutching draft codes to their chests.

Then came the adoption and promulgation of the Cotton Textile code. During the Cotton Textile hearings, General Johnson shifted abruptly. He was no longer genial; the Southern textile employers discovered, to their incredulous horror, that when the General said a thirty-five hour week, he meant exactly that. A sharp alarm spread through the manufacturers' groups which had gathered in Washington, and the corridors of the Commerce Building began silently to empty. By the middle of July, all the more important industries had withdrawn their proposed codes. The General at once shifted again, and started to urge upon the administration adoption of the N.R.A. blanket code. When the blanket code was first discussed by the Cabinet, it was rejected unanimously. General Johnson was told that it would mean the revival of war hysteria and intolerance,

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and would bring great injustice, hardship and bad feeling. The General was completely unimpressed. He wanted a weapon with which to club industries into submitting individual codes, and he battered away at Mr. Roosevelt and the Cabinet until, the last week in July, the blanket code was approved.

The General's social ideals appear uncertain, and his grasp of economic theory extremely vague. But anyone who has watched him in action during the last few weeks realizes there are no lengths to which he will not go to ensure the success of the N.R.A. Recent events show he will not permit its march to be interrupted for long by strikes. What turn he will take, no one can safely prophesy. However, one important factor in his decision—and a factor which has been insufficiently commented upon—will be his knowledge that Southern textile employers are already attempting to evade the wages-and-hours provisions of the Cotton Textile code. The General has been informed that mill owners are discharging old employees, and immediately re-hiring them as beginners who, under the code, may be paid less than the minimum for a certain number of weeks and that they are refusing to advance the wage scales of employees in the skilled and semi-skilled grades. As a result, an adjustment machinery has been established in the industry, under which unions can function. If the General becomes convinced that there is no way, without strong, bona-fide labor organizations, to make employers live up to the wages-and-hours provisions of the codes, it is wholly conceivable he may intervene on the side of labor even more decisively than he has already done. Another important factor in his decision, of course, will be the quality of fighting leadership which the workers are able to develop within the next few days and weeks.

Mr. Donald Richberg, counsel to the N.R.A., seems to be the official Dickensian Fat Boy of the Roosevelt administration. Regularly, in radio speeches, Mr. Richberg attempts to make the flesh of his listeners creep with tales of imminent revolution. What Mr. Richberg is talking about, in fact, is no more than the N.R.A. and its compulsory industrial codes, but beneath his words there somehow manages to be a distinct undertone of wooden clogs on the Versailles pavements and the clash of home-made pikes. He can pronounce the phrase, "well fed men and well dressed women," in an extremely nasty, menacing way. Probably Mr. Richberg's speeches are performing a very useful task, for it is not unlikely that the extent of achievement of the Roosevelt administration will be measured by just the amount of terror it is able to instill in the well fed and well dressed. Strictly interpreted, however, the revolutionary analogy does not flatter the administration. Mr. Roosevelt, if he is anything, is Kerensky. By revolutionary logic, the government of the Tsar (cf. H. C. Hoover) last March collapsed from the inside. The intelligentsia and bourgeoisie assumed power under Kerensky (cf. Mr. Roosevelt) and the Cadets (cf. the brain trust) and Kerensky are now struggling to reform the old Tsarist system (cf. the N.R.A. and the Agricultural Adjustment Act). In this, he is destined to fail, and the true leaders of the people will take power sometime around next October. This is a pleasing picture but at present it does not seem at all certain that Roosevelt will fail—at least not before next October.

On July 29, the Treasury issued a statement containing a letter written by the great New York banks to Mr. Roosevelt. According to the Treasury, the letter was proof that the New York banking group had at last placed itself behind the Roosevelt recovery program. This statement was uncritically accepted by nearly all Washington correspondents, and the next day was splashed across the front pages of the country's newspapers. The episode establishes a high mark in misleading governmental propaganda. It is not true that New York bankers approve the Roosevelt program. They signed the letter to Mr. Roosevelt only after the most abject solicitation on the part of the Treasury itself, which badly wanted it as publicity to boom the $850 million offering of governmental securities which was to be made two days later. In the text of the letter, as the correspondents might have observed if they had read it carefully, the bankers say they will make loans "only where the credit of the borrowers justifies it," and studiously avoid committing themselves to any support of the Roosevelt program whatever. A nice ethical point is raised. Under the recent Securities Act, a loan-issuing agency authorizing misleading information is liable to fine or jail. Apparently the Treasury has put itself in the position of first offender.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Other People's Money

The National Distillers Turn Alchemists—Five Gilded Rules—Synthetic Margins —Humbugging the Public

IT IS still too soon to form a true estimate of the value of the so-called "pitiless publicity" security act. While a large number of issues have been registered, they have been mostly small issues and to a very large extent stock issues, which is unusual. What is more, the great bulk of the issues have been those of financial companies, chiefly investment trusts. We will have to wait until the times mend sufficiently to encourage the issuance of large bond issues to judge the value of the act.

One thing, however, stands out. When the act was passed I called attention to the fact that the usual method of marketing common stocks was not through public issues at all, but through private subscription, followed by listing on the Stock Exchange and the sale of the shares through the open market in the hectic channels of speculation. Such issues, of course, the security act would not touch. We have had an example of such an operation within the last few weeks.

One of the issues which rode the wild storm of our latest Wall Street boomlet was National Distillers' Products Corporation. Recently this company issued a lot of new stock. One hundred thousand shares were issued to the owners of the Overholt Distilleries and the Large Distilleries. Another issue of 27,591 shares was issued to stockholders. Still another issue of 12,000 shares was issued to an unknown person under a call, apparently in connection with some financing. Still another 40,000 shares were issued to the owners of the Illinois Glass Works in an exchange-of-stock operation. Here were, in round numbers, some

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180,000 new shares put out and listed and ready for the market.

Now what did the company get for these shares? It got property for 140,000 of them. What that property was worth we can only surmise. Since at the same time the remaining 27,591 shares were issued to stockholders at $25 a share, we may assume the property was not worth any more than the value of the shares issued for it at $25 each. The 12,000 shares issued under the option were priced at $27.50 each. This all happened in June of this year. All these new shares were listed and, very promptly, a tremendous lather was worked up in the market around National Distillers shares. Before the certificates of stock could be issued for these $25 shares the price on the market was driven up to $70 a share and before the market broke these $25 shares, just issued for that price, were being sold to the public through the market for as high as $124.

How many of these new shares were distributed at those prices we can only surmise. But it must have been a very large number because in those few weeks of June and July over two million shares of this stock were traded in. That was certainly enough to leave in the hands of the public a hundred thousand or more of these new shares at prices ranging as high as five times the sum paid for them into the treasury of the corporation during those same weeks.

It is to be hoped that some day, by the time Congress assembles, a device will be found by the Senate Committee investigating speculation to make this kind of operation impossible.

The New York Stock Exchange, we are informed by the daily press, has "of its own accord" clamped down a "rigid curb on speculation." These curbs are interesting. They are five in number:

1. Margins on accounts under $5,000 must be at least 50 percent and over $5,000 they must be at least 30 percent of the debit balance.
2. Members are prohibited from lending money for the account of non-banking institutions.
3. Customers' men are to be guaranteed minimum salaries. But this is to apply only to newly employed customers' men.
4. Customers' men are prohibited from communicating with people in their homes to solicit accounts or to recommend securities. They cannot communicate with them in their homes for any purpose unless expressly authorized to do so by the customer, while traveling solicitors are forbidden.
5. The Exchange has directed all members to report all pools, syndicates and joint trading accounts with which they are connected or of which they have knowledge because of trading orders, beginning August 4 and each Friday thereafter.

The newspapers as usual join in the chorus of praise for the Exchange. But it is hard to believe the Exchange is not handing out a little real bunk.

First as to the new margin requirements. A margin of 30 percent on an *account* and a magin of 30 percent on a *debit balance* are two very different things. A customer's debit balance is the amount he owes his broker on his stock. Thus if he buy $10,000 worth of stock and puts up a margin of 30 percent, he will have to supply $3,000 and his broker the other $7,000. That $7,000 is his debit balance. But the Exchange very artfully says that the margin shall be 30 percent, not of the account, but of the debit balance. A $10,000 purchase would then work out this way. The customer would put up $2,300 and the broker $7,700. If you will make the calculation you will see that $2,300 is approximately 30 percent of the debit balance ($7,700). But it is only 23-percent margin on the account. What the Exchange has done is to fix on a 23-percent margin—which is outrageously low—and to announce it in such a way as to deceive the public into thinking it is imposing a 30-percent margin—which is also too low.

What is more, $5,000 is pretty close to the minimum order that can be executed on the Exchange. The 50-percent margin will apply to odd-lots chiefly. But that too is 50 percent of the debit balance. Thus on a $3,000 purchase, the customer would put up $1,000 and the broker $2,000. But you will see that the whole transaction is $3,000 and the margin only 33 percent. If you want some idea of how little the Exchange has done, you need only be reminded that back in 1929 the Stock Exchange sent out a questionnaire to its brokers, and Mr. E. H. H. Simmons, then president, announced that outstanding commitments in all brokerage offices carried an average of 40-percent margin. Apparently that didn't stop speculation then. Will a 23-percent and 33-percent margin stop it now when stocks are so much cheaper?

As to customers' men not soliciting business in the home or calling customers at home, it will still be possible for them to give the office or club a little jingle.

The rule requiring the reporting of pools, syndicates and joint trading accounts is somewhat better. But, like the famous questionnaire on short selling voluntarily published by the Exchange in November, 1931, the information is to be collected when most of the pools are on vacation. Why did not the Exchange date the period for information from July 4 to July 20 when the market was honeycombed with pools and syndicates, instead of August 4, when the pools are fairly well liquidated?

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Majorca

SO THEY'RE leaving Majorca. . . .

Mr. James Truslow Adams lately wrote a book about "the American Dream," in which he implied that Americans are a romantic race whose most flamboyantly go-getting actions are really a crude attempt to translate an ineffable vision that haunts their slumbers and makes them uneasy even in broad daylight. I would go further and state, in plain terms, that America is a nation of sleep-walkers. Our history is a series of asymmetrical sleep-walking gestures ("experiments, noble in purpose," as one of us once murmured) that show a constantly troubled conscience.

When foreigners materialize themselves into the atmosphere of our dream, we grudgingly assign them a place as half-comic, half-curseworthy fellow-figments; but when Americans go abroad they travel to Cimmeria or Elysium, and always among shades. It is not only Senators and

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Congressmen who think of Europe as a lotus-land and Asia as a lowering nightmare. The English, who recognize inferiors everywhere, admit the real existence of niggers, dagoes, frogs and boches when they can be seen, smelt, fended off, ignored or shouted at; but Americans do not really believe in foreigners, even when the foreigners are there. England, as they can see at a glance, is a toy country inhabited by familiar caricatures; Paris is a Freudian dream-city where all good American taboos are dead; and so on. It is a child's attitude, but the American idea of the world outside him is a child's idea. We are rubbing our eyes hard, trying to rub away the last vestiges of our childlike vision and see the world as others see it. It will be a bad day for the world when America wakes up; but the day is not yet. We still attach little value to experience, and we are still almost immune to what we do not understand. We travel a great deal, but it is always a trip to Nowhere. The behavior of Americans in this incredible "abroad" is about what you would expect of children suddenly let loose in a Never-Never Land. Most of them are quickly bored, and want to get back to their toys at home; some of them are badly behaved; none of them really believe what they see, though the politer ones act as though they did. We are accustomed to think of our tourists as even less flattering representatives than our official ambassadors, but there is another class of American abroad which causes far more havoc than the merely migratory tripper, and which in the last few years has brought the name of God's Country into many outlandishly hissing synonyms. I refer to the depression-exiles in general, and to the American colony in Majorca in particular.

This publicity-blighted island has been a sedate refuge for middle-class English people for the last fifty years; it has hardly been in the news since that remote date in the Middle Ages when Moorish pirates made their last assault on one of its tiny ports. But about four years ago Majorca began to be discovered by Americans. In guidebooks and magazine articles, at first couched in nursery-tale superlatives, lately in the "debunking" style with which Americans vainly try to make facts come true, visitors to Majorca wrote home about it; and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts came flocking. The advance guard, mostly middle-aged, was preponderantly female—knitting, shopping, many-times-operated-on—elderly citizens who had done their bit at home and felt justified in retiring for a temporary rest among pleasantly unreal surroundings. Their atmosphere was extremely respectable, a little twittery, very dull. Majorca welcomed them; as the less timid visitors spread out from the hotels at El Terreno into little villas of their own or jolted the sixty-odd miles to the hotels of Pollensa to get a little more of the elusive sunlight the guide books were so full of, there was even a mild tourist "boom." Then came the deluge.

The vanguard of the American invasion was earmarked by "artists"—I had almost said, artists of uncertain reputation, but perhaps the quotation marks will do as well. They were younger, and of all the sexes; they had not done their bit at home, and did not intend to, but they also wanted to retire. Their atmosphere was not quite so respectable, rather jittery, and from the Majorcan point of view, not nearly dull enough. Majorca continued to make them welcome, in spite of such squally signs as bigger and brighter cocktail bars, louder and funnier drunks, an American-colony daily, complete with scandal column. But soon there began to be "incidents." An American girl appeared in the main square of Palma, in the full light of day, clad dubiously in beach pajamas; she was escorted back to her hotel by shocked policemen, and the affair was made the subject of a special proclamation by the governor. As other somnambulistic outrages followed, Majorcan public opinion began to heave and simmer with indignation. It became increasingly evident that these Americans did not believe in Majorca's existence; the Majorcan sense of identity was insulted.

The simmer reached its boiling point two or three months ago, when five Americans, one of them a woman, became embroiled with a policeman and were clapped into jail for it. The policeman was not an ordinary policeman but a member of the Guardia Civil, a picked corps whose persons are practically sacred in Spain. The prisoners languished in jail some seven weeks, with a prospect of being tried by a military court and sentenced to several years' imprisonment; bail was absolutely refused. The American press, the American consul in Barcelona, Ambassador Bowers, that hardy old keynoter, finally Washington itself, took a hand in the argument. Eventually, of course, the prisoners were released, on payment of an extremely high bail (though still not very high when you figure it in "real money"), and it was intimated that the ensuing trial would be a formality resulting in a sentence which could be considered as already served.

As everybody knows, the gravity of this "attack" on a policeman, however sacred, was much magnified. The affair gave Majorca an excuse to bring itself to the attention of its American visitors, whose minds seemed to be otherwise, and rather rudely, engaged. The truth is, Majorca is getting sick and tired of Americans. Many of them had already taken the hint when the dollar began to drop and it was becoming more and more difficult to regard pesetas as stage money. The recent unpleasantness should speed many more parting guests on their way.

The trouble with a place like Majorca—no doubt the same is true of Tahiti, and Bali, and other oases in the deserts of travel—is that it is a great deal more like real life than the guide books give you to understand. Quite apart from Americans, it really exists, it has a daily, weekly, continuous being. And the trouble with Americans in a place like Majorca is that, when two or three hundred of them are gathered together in a colony, their collective disbelief in their surroundings gradually leaks out and sooner or later makes them into a social menace: the place springs into resentful actuality and their dream goes up in smoke.

The Americans have ruined Majorca, for they have actualized it. If they had been content to let it alone, to go there and behave like nice children, pretending that it was a real place, although of course they knew better, all might have been well between Majorca and them. But when the baby pulls the cat's tail once too often he gets scratched. That changes his idea of the cat. And it makes him—ah, how piously we hope it!—a more wide-awake baby.

T. S. Matthews.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Rivera's Mexican Murals

SIR: In an article called "Detroit Paradoxes" published in The New Republic of July 12, I made the following statement: "In February, 1932, the Communist literary magazine, The New Masses, published a scathing exposé of the career of Diego Rivera . . . Here it was shown . . . that his point of view, as expressed in his art, had . . . unmistakably changed from Communist to bourgeois-chauvinistic—as evidenced by his substitution, in the arms of a gigantic Mexico in one of his murals, of specimens of the national fruit for the figures of a worker and a peasant which had originally been contemplated. . . . The paper of the expelled Communist faction led by Jay Lovestone was afterwards able to show, by publishing a photograph of the mural in Mexico City, that, instead of a woman with mangoes and grapes, it had for its summit and climax a worker pointing the way to a Communist future."

Mr. Joseph Freeman, the author of the article in The New Masses, has written me as follows: "My article about Diego Rivera in The New Masses of February, 1932, to which you referred in The New Republic of July 12, was not a 'scathing exposé,' but an attempt to explain the course of Rivera's development as painter and politician. Most of my article was written in Mexico City in 1929 as straight reporting for a news agency whose correspondent I was at that time. It was published in The New Masses *after* the John Reed Club episode and *before* Rivera had entered on his present period; that is, it covered an interim between two periods of the painter's participation in revolutionary politics. My article was written without consulting anyone in the Communist party. Whatever faults it may have, it was a genuine attempt—the first of its kind in this country that I know of—to study the relations of an artist to the revolutionary movement. It was written before the leftward swing of the intelligentsia had developed such Marxist critics as we now have, and was intended to clarify certain problems affecting the so-called fellow travelers.

"I do not know whether the photographs published by the Lovestone paper were selected as a deliberate trick or as the result of an honest mistake. They are, of course, genuine photographs. But *they do not deal with the particular fact in question.*

"Here is the fact: Early in 1929 Rivera sketched on the central panel of the National Palace the figure of a woman holding a peasant and worker. Late in the summer of that year, he changed the sketch so that the woman held various fruits in her arms. The second sketch remained on the wall for several years. Subsequently—sometime in 1931, I believe—it was changed completely to the present mural.

"My article dealt specifically with the summer of 1929, and it is a fact that in that period Rivera made the change I described. Perhaps the change was not important; it is possible to differ in all sincerity as to its *significance.* But that such a change was made is a *fact.*

"My article would have added a description of the final version of the mural had I known that such a version was made; but when I prepared the article for publication I did not know that another change had been made. No material on the subject was available in New York, and the press did not report the change. Mexican Folkways for January-March, which carried photographs of the final mural, did not reach me until long after my article appeared. The last I had seen of the design it was as described in my article. But what is more pertinent, at the period dealt with in my article the woman with the fruit was on the wall."

New York City. EDMUND WILSON.

Jobs and College Men

SIR: The Misses Haider and Emery in The New Republic of July 5 have pointed out in their letter some significant phases of this problem of unemployed college alumni, but lest their imaginations and apparent zeal for tragedy carry them too far, I should like to make a correction or two in their guesswork analysis.

First, the first, or even subsequent reports, of Harvard classes frequently do not give a graduate's position with his company. In the case of men one year out of college, these men seldom have "positions," rarely titles. Shame for the occupation, as the Misses Haider and Emery state, is not the reason for this omission. Let them refer to previous reports.

Second, to be able to "state that they are clerks" is a genuine aim of college graduates today. This is the way a college man starts in business in 1933, and, with some exceptions in the frantic years from 1926 to 1929, has always been the rule. That the Misses Haider and Emery do not realize this is not unusual, for even college seniors need to be reminded sometimes that an A.B. degree is not and never was the "open sesame" to what were once high-paid executive positions.

Third, I agree that many recent college graduates are today not engaged in the occupations of their choice. This is too bad. But are they not lucky to be employed at all, even if they are only selling on commission? If a man earns but ten dollars a week on a commission sales job, he can keep the wolf from the door, and if he lives at home he may even save money.

In the class of 1927 at Harvard, the first report claimed a total of 125 men, or 18 percent of the class, no. reporting their occupation or not heard from—this, in a boom year. In 1932 the number of men was 196, or 23 percent (based on a total of 859), 71 men, or 5-percent, increase, and surely not all these men are unemployed. From 1926 to 1928 (boom years) the percentage of men not heard from or not giving their occupation was 15. From 1930 to 1932 (depression years) this percentage increased only to 18.

My initial objection to the original figures presented by the Misses Haider and Emery was that they were untrue and unduly alarmist. I still maintain this view and ask them to notice again the great difference between the inference to be drawn from their first statistics and from the true ones. It was this difference and my desire that the truth be known which prompted my first letter to you. My object, let me repeat, was not to "minimize the unfortunate plight of unemployed college alumni."

DONALD H. MOYER,
Assistant Director,
Cambridge, Mass. Harvard Alumni Placement Service.

Extracts from Letters

A JAPANESE reader who is now studying at Columbia University writes in to protest against Mr. Roy Howard's recent remarks concerning the relations between this country and Japan. Our correspondent points out that the strong liberal movement in his country has always worked toward creating a friendly feeling between Japan and the United States and that if Mr. Howard really believes in amicable relations between the two countries he can do the best service by giving support to the liberal group rather than by advocating a big navy over here.

A solution of the perennial war-debt problem is offered by A. H. Hauber, M.D., of Chicago who writes in to suggest that the United States take over Bermuda, Jamaica, the West Indies and other possessions in lieu of payment from the debtor nations. Dr. Hauber believes that these possessions would be glad to come over to us and that "some nice new island colonies would be a boon to our weak foreign trade."

Any of our younger readers in the Twin Cities who are interested in "liberal or radical points of view, or in current politico-economic, literary and general intellectual problems" are urged by Louis Ostrin, 1335 Pennsylvania Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., to get into touch with him for the purpose of forming a discussion group.

Seth Hazzard of San Diego, Calif. writes in to point out that Mr. Horace Gregory, one of our book reviewers, is mistaken in believing that the device of beginning a sentence with "and" is now the exclusive property of Archibald MacLeish and Ezra Pound. Mr. Hazzard says that Mr. Gregory has overlooked the prior rights of Matthew Arnold, who began not merely a sentence, but the poem "Sohrab and Rustum":

And the first grey of morning filled the east. . . .

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A Challenge to Criticism

Academic Illusions in the Field of Letters and the Arts, by Martin Schütze. The University of Chicago Press. 341 pages. $3.

PROFESSOR Schütze's book is a critical and constructive account of the nature of literature as art. Speaking generally, it deals with theories of literary interpretation and, more specifically, with the effect of these theories upon the university teaching of literature—hence the title. The book brings together three strands. The first, which bulks largest in volume, has to do with the disastrous effects of Kantian and post-Kantian philosophies upon German esthetic theories. The second is an exposition both of the various theories that have governed the field in Germany and of Mr. Schütze's own conception of the nature of a literary work of art. The third strand concerns the educational phase of the discussion: in addition to attacking the methods which he finds dominant in the university teaching of literature, the author also proposes a definite plan for a thoroughgoing reform of its aims and methods.

For the details of the exposition of the leading ideas that have controlled the various writers who have drawn upon German rational idealism for their philosophies of literature, I shall have to refer to the volume itself—not only for reasons of space but because the writers themselves are outside the field of my acquaintance. But Mr. Schütze's account carries lightly a large load of learning, and his exposition is marked by concentrated generalization. His own sympathies are entirely with the genetic naturalism of Herder. He finds that the supplanting of Herder's intellectual influence by that of Kant was detrimental to the whole development of German literary criticism for the last century and a half, while the transfer of Goethe's allegiance from the former to the latter (under the influence of Schiller) coincided with a relative decline in the quality of Goethe's literary output, and was indeed partly due to permitting Kant's opposition of reason and sense to benumb his own inherent sense of nature and life.

Persons who are not particularly interested in the theories that are set forth, but who are interested in the period of Germany's climax in creative literature, cannot fail to find instruction in the author's specific remarks about the Storm and Stress period, the different phases of the Romantic movement, and Goethe's own development. He seems to me to be at his best when, by way of illustrating the inevitable consequences of the rigid conceptualism inherited from Kant and Hegel, he shows how concrete differences among a whole group of writers have been obscured by bringing them all arbitrarily under certain concepts which were supposed to constitute, a-priori, the essence and unity of Romanticism.

Speaking from my own experience, I should say that those whose interest is philosophical cannot fail to learn a great deal from the accounts of the esthetics of literature propounded by critics who depended upon philosophic direction. Seeing their basic ideas reflected in the field of literature has the effect of a stereoscopic vision. If the evidence were not so comprehensive and weighty, one could hardly believe that men of natural ability and scholarship could have so subordinated personal insight to pre-formed general concepts. Certain antitheses and certain formulas for resolving them seem to have paralyzed natural and cultivated understanding of both individual authors and general movements. Rationalism and irrationalism, connected with the notion that sense, emotion and imagination are inherently irrational and with the dæmonic character of the German mind; variations on the themes of permanence and change; of the "closed" nature of the classic in opposition to the "open" character of the Romantic, and similar oppositions, seem to have provided pigeonholes for classifying literary production that fatally made understanding of works of art in their individual wholeness quite unnecessary—and indeed, aside from the true mark. Dr. Schütze gives a thoroughly scholarly exposition of the many forms which this "dialectic absolutism" assumed.

I imagine that the general reader who is not particularly concerned with what would be vagaries of literary criticism, did not they follow so logically from basic philosophic concepts (which still have a great vogue outside of a literary application) will get most direct enlightenment from Chapter VII, dealing with the relation of poetry to the experience of the poets who produced it, and Chapter X, which concerns itself with the relation of the artist's environment to style. I do not see how anything could be more successful than the former in showing that the poem itself as a vital whole is not just an expression of the artist's experience but *is* that experience in its fullest form. Dr. Schütze turns this truth (which ought to be axiomatic in all artistic interpretation) against the attempt of critics to explain works of art in terms of *other* experiences of the poet and also against their attempt to deduce other experiences from the authentic poetic ones. Both of these operations are so common among critics who are quite innocent of the philosophic basis which German critics have used to support the practice, that adequate understanding of the point made by Mr. Schütze would throw out of employment a large number of existing critics—but it might also provide a beginning of intelligent objective criticism in the arts generally.

The chapters just mentioned provide the natural transition to the other school of literary criticism with which the author deals. This he terms "factualism," attributing its influence to Scherer. He does not claim that the method of "dialectic absolutism" had any especial influence on the teaching of literature in American universities. But this other "academic illusion" he finds dominating instruction in literature, especially in graduate schools and in work for the doctor's degree. Its influence is by no means to be attributed in all fields to Scherer, but it follows from the same causes that led Scherer to his conclusions: in gist, the desire to make instruction in, and interpretation of, literature thoroughly "scientific." To "factualism" Dr. Schütze assigns a value not possessed by the conceptualistic method. But the value is linguistic, not literary, in character, and at best is preliminary to an understanding of the literary work as literature. When it is permitted to invade literature it results in substituting external facts, identical or constant everywhere (as in the proper function of science) for the integrated variables that express a complete experience and constitute the work of art *per se*. The criticism of Mr. Schütze is thoroughgoing here and raises a question of the most fundamental importance not only for education in all the fine arts but also for criticism in them. The position he takes in respect to literature seems to me to have marked similarities, as far as concern the conception of what makes any product a work of art, with that taken by Dr. Barnes with respect to painting.

Criticisms of the so-called scientific teaching of literature are common enough. They are likely to end, however, in setting up something called "appreciation at large" in its place. This usually turns out to be a union of gushing

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sentiment with literary chatter. The solidity of Dr. Schütze's grasp of his theme saves him from every such excursion from the frying pan into the fire. He has developed, and expounds in the concluding chapters, a clear conception of the nature of a work of literature, and of what is meant by understanding it for what it is. He has had the courage to show what its adoption would signify for the university teaching of literature. His challenge deserves to be taken up. The extent to which it may become the starting point of a reconsideration of the whole subject seems to me to offer a fair measure of the vitality of intelligence in the university quarter.

JOHN DEWEY.

Psychiatric Ward

Lawrence and Brett, by Dorothy Brett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 301 pages. $3.

We Need One Another, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Equinox Coöperative Press. 68 pages. $2.

BRETT'S book on Lawrence is no surprise; after the "Letters," after "Lorenzo in Taos," one is well prepared for the Honorable Dorothy Brett. She has a few new anecdotes to tell of his New Mexican adventure and a dozen new photographs of Lawrence to bind between the pages of the book. For the most part, he remains, consistently enough, the hero of Mabel Dodge's sketch, small, nervous, red-bearded, sick, with Frieda, his wife, towering above him—Dorothy Brett's "potential lover." This book, then, has little value as biography, yet being what it is, an informal diary written to prove the author's love for a dead man, it falls into the class of social documentation, the true-confession story of an amateur.

It is easy to grow sentimental about Brett, to pity her deafness, her physical awkwardness, and quite as easy to laugh at her in pure annoyance or exasperation. Her lack of human dignity, her habit of addressing Lawrence as "you" throughout the book, create a hopelessly neurotic atmosphere. The New Mexican plain on which she lives with Frieda and Lawrence is not outdoors, but is a corner of a hospital ward whose walls echo hysterical laughter and tears. Everyone is sick, sick, with a dying man at the heart of the group, and he a very demigod, by turns malicious and kind, spiteful and holy.

The disease eating its way outwards to the rim of the Lawrence circle is a Romantic illness, a disease so often observed in the household of a Coleridge or a Shelley. The master of the house cures himself by the functioning of his genius—but what of those who imitate the function or react strongly against it—the relatives, friends, children, wives, all those of lesser strength? Here was a kind of disorder that forced Matthew Arnold to remark: "What a set, what a set!" From the past we have a Thomas Jefferson Hogg, a Trelawny, a Leigh Hunt and now a John Middleton Murry and a Dorothy Brett. Her case is somewhat complicated by a background of which Aldous Huxley wrote so knowingly in "Point Counterpoint" and which is overlaid with the conventions of a million-dollar-motor-car-Indian bohemia that still blooms, a false oasis, on the New Mexican desert. Her desire to be honest, to "tell all," does not spring from any naïve love of truth, but from a highly sensitized need for personal histrionics. This need is real and as such we must respect it, and with her witness such delicate male creatures as the one she describes with "his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his shoulders and wearing many Indian rings and bracelets," or again behold Mabel Dodge, rebuked by Lawrence and therefore in a fine, voluptuous frenzy of weeping. Always it is Brett herself who becomes the actual center of the book, a case history in Romantic behavior.

If Brett has done little toward furthering Lawrence's reputation, the reprinting of two short essays under one title, "We Need One Another," does even less. They are thin Lawrence, a repetitious statement of his dogma that human beings are trapped by modern social machinery, that sex alone can break through walls of human isolation. Even the characteristic rhythm of his prose is mysteriously absent. This slight red-bound book with its deliberately pornographic, cheaply conceived, badly drawn illustrations seems to be some final indignity, the last obscene tribute of an insensitive world to a dead prophet.

HORACE GREGORY.

And Yet It Changes

In Place of Profit: Social Incentives in the Soviet Union, by Harry F. Ward. With drawings by Lynd Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 460 pages. $2.50.

"YOU CAN'T change Human Nature," shouts the typical specimen of go-getting Human Nature one encounters in speakeasies. Which, if it were true, would put Human Nature in a tough spot, since the logic of the Power Age is saying unmistakably, "Socialize or perish."

Of course it isn't true. Buy your speakeasy philosopher another drink and in five minutes he will be telling you how the selfless devotion of himself and General Pershing won the Great War; also that but for his self-sacrificing, unrewarded labors, the Goona Goona oasis of the Shriners would go to hell tomorrow. Observe your philosopher closely and you will note that the essence of the creature is a changeableness which readily conforms to the conditioning of his environment. Deport him to Russia and he would promptly become a *udarnik*—a shock-worker—and probably a most pestiferous sectarian heresy-hunter to boot.

Dr. Ward has performed a signal service by his painstaking compilation of evidence showing how the Russians *are* changing human nature; how the replacement of individualist profit incentives by social incentives has in fact released huge creative energies in millions of quite ordinary people. The problem is not solved, the substitution is not complete. Russia is today using wage differentials, piece work, bonuses, one-man responsibility—all the "morale" devices of competitive capitalist industry to speed the tasks of socialist construction. These individualist profit incentives are effective precisely because they operate within the iron framework of collective ownership and control. But the social incentives also work, simultaneously and coordinately: the shock-worker brigades; the *shevstvo* devices by which, for example, a Red Army unit becomes the patron of a collective farm, or a group of theatrical workers becomes the cultural patron of a factory department; the *horaschet* agreements designed to liquidate bureaucratic graft and ineptitude; the *strechny* (counter-plan device by which a given productive group measures its own capacity and corrects upwards or downwards the requirements of the new Five Year Plan; the two million *selkors, rabkors, milkors* (worker-correspondents) who nourish the vitality of the Soviet press, curb the tendency toward sterile journalistic professionalism and contribute importantly to the function of self-criticism as the Russians conceive it.

These are some of the major devices by which the energies of the masses are enlisted in the struggle of socialist con-

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struction. Dr. Ward describes many others, some of them the spontaneous inventions of workers, which, as they demonstrated their usefulness, were officially adopted and regularized by the government and the Communist party. The last implies a dualism which Dr. Ward believes to be actual: "The party is not the government. It is more in function, less in scope—the band of steel that binds us all together. . . . The party loses itself in the Plan." Other phrases are even more significant and revealing: "Wherever the party has had to use force, it has returned to persuasion."—"One-man control does not lessen the power of the workers; it enables them to locate responsibility."

This leads to the question which is central in Dr. Ward's inquiry: Whether the participation of workers in government, and the progressive dissolution of classes, will in fact lead to the "withering away of the state." The present contradiction is explicitly recognized in Bolshevik theory: "The highest possible development of the power of the state with the object of preparing the conditions for the dying away of the state. Yes, it is contradictory, but this contradiction is a living thing and completely reflects Marxian dialectics."

Dr. Ward marshals the evidence and implies at least his own firm faith that this contradiction will be resolved. Indeed, this latter-day Christian Socialist makes little pretense of writing a detached "objective" critique. He writes, in effect, as a Communist—an intellectual *udarnik* on the international revolutionary front. These qualities of faith and courage, coupled with Dr. Ward's equally distinguished gifts of scholarly analysis, make "In Place of Profit" one of the three or four most valuable books which have been written about Russia.

JAMES RORTY.

Marx on the Future of Society

The Civil War in France, by Karl Marx. New York: International Publishers. 92 pages. $1.

Critique of the Gotha Program, by Karl Marx. New York: International Publishers. 119 pages. $1.

THESE are two more volumes in the admirably edited series of Marxist classics being published by the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute. The "Critique of the Gotha Program" is here published in its entirety for the first time, with the correspondence of Marx and Engels about it and other supplemental material. "The Civil War in France" contains also two other papers by Marx on the end of the Second Empire.

"The Civil War in France" is, of course, Marx's brilliant essay on the Paris Commune, which, with "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," showed the way for the Marxist writing of history.

The "Critique of the Gotha Program" was a criticism of a program adopted in 1875 by a joint congress of two German working-class parties. One of these was composed of the followers of Lassalle; and Marx and Engels put on record in this connection exceedingly severe criticisms of Lassalle's personality and policies.

What makes these documents important, however, is the fact that they are the *locus classicus* for the Marxist forecast of the future of human society after the proletarian revolution occurred. Lenin elaborated on them in "The State and Revolution"; and there is printed here a very interesting extract from his notebooks, showing how he had studied and thought about them. Marx never imagined nor do his followers imagine, as some of the persons who criticize them seem to suppose, that the dictatorship of the proletariat was going to inaugurate utopia. On the contrary, Marx pointed out that the new order would be molded in the likeness of the old, from whose womb it would have emerged. Classes would be abolished; but inequalities would still exist. Differences in capacity would still be rewarded by unequal remuneration. "Right can never be higher than the economic structure and the cultural development of society conditioned by it." It was only "in a higher phase of communist society, after the tyrannical subordination of individuals according to the distribution of labor and thereby also the distinction betwen manual and intellectual work, have disappeared" that "the narrow bourgeois horizon of rights" could finally be left behind and society could "inscribe on its banner: 'From each according to his capacity, to each according to his need.'" Marx and Engels always rebuked utopian Socialists who talked as if immediate equality of goods and pay was implied by a socialist revolution.

The state Marx regarded, as did Lenin, as an evil in itself, but one which would have to be retained by the socialist proletarian dictatorship during the transition from capitalism to communism. The state was essentially a machine by which the propertied classes under capitalism kept the propertyless classes in subjection; and the proletarian dictatorship would still need it to suppress the bourgeoisie. But when the classless society was finally realized, then the state would "wither away" because there would be no longer any function for it. It is not generally understood that for the Communists as well as for the Anarchists the state is regarded as something which it will be ultimately desirable to get rid of. Lenin thought this might take three hundred years from the establishment of the socialist dictatorship. Neither he nor Marx, however, regarded even this state of things as a "Utopia." Marx said that the advent of communism would merely mark the end of the last of the barbarous stages of humanity.

A reading of the "Critique of the Gotha Program" would dispel many illusions of anti-Marxists—since the world still seems to be divided into people to whom the facts mentioned above are as commonplace as the views of Darwin on evolution, and people who will not read Marx or Lenin, who will not do anything to find out anything about them or who, if they go so far as to look into the matter, immediately forget what they have found out, but who do not hesitate on that account to keep on inveighing against absurdities conjured up by their own imaginations but alleged to be the opinions of "Marxists." Well, here are two opportunities to find out what Marx really thought: both books are easily readable and brief.

There may be hope: I see in a recent Nation that Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, who has for a couple of years been filling the magazines with articles opposing what he thinks are the ideas of Marxists, has finally gotten around to reading the "Communist Manifesto." He remarks, however, that he finds it comforting to reflect that the revolution expected by Marx and Engels in '48 has never yet occurred and that their followers who are still predicting revolution may also be found to have been wrong eighty-five years hence. The capacity for ignoring Marx seems in the minds of writers like Mr. Krutch to extend to historical events in which Marx has been implicated! The kind of revolution that Marx and Engels were expecting in 1848, Mr. Krutch, occurred in 1917 in Russia, and it was dominated by followers of theirs.

EDMUND WILSON.

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Neither to Advance

The Martyr, by Liam O'Flaherty. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

LIAM O'FLAHERTY again writes of the Irish Civil War, presenting it against a rural rather than a Dublin background. The action of the novel evolves from an attack of Free State forces on a Republican garrison at a time when the Free Staters are mopping up the last of the recalcitrants.

Conflict arises from the cross purposes and conflicting temperaments of three main characters. Crosbie, Republican commandant, hero of a hunger strike, is a compound of the fanatic, saint, visionary, coward, suppressed libertine and perhaps fool. Faced with the need for making an immediate military decision, he wavers between the fear of sin and his vision of a great Ireland united under the banner of Christ. Following his capture, he wallows in a messianic delusion and steels himself to half-acceptance of impending martyrdom. He is crucified. Tracy, second in Republican command and a disciplined veteran of Black and Tan wars, fights for a Communist Ireland. He assumes the authority which Crosbie avoids, and outlines a clever ambush on the enemy, which fails because of mischances and lack of discipline. He is wounded, but escapes capture. Angela Fitzgibbon, national heroine, is beautiful and amoral. She hates Tracy, scorns Crosbie's inaction, and strives to lash the Republicans into combat, heedless of their hopeless position. She mans and fires a machine gun as long as there is ammunition. After the defeat, she continually maneuvers for the limelight until she is transported from the region.

Besides an ability to make his people absorbingly real, O'Flaherty possesses the knack of delineating them so that they represent attitudes toward life and the problems of Ireland. They remain convincing despite the handicap of melodrama under which he places them. In his earlier books, O'Flaherty's melodrama has often been a stylistic fault of overwriting crises; here, it inheres in his conception of situation. The author continues to intrude his own hates and scorns to such an extent that one frequently seems to be reading about O'Flaherty versus all Ireland. "The Martyr," like his earlier books, is embittered, extravagant, sharp with incisive insights, glorified by streaks of poetic writing, and excitingly alive. As a writer Mr. O'Flaherty seems neither to advance nor to retrogress.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

Book Notes

Belles Lettres

THE MIND OF POE, by Killis Campbell. *Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 238 pages. $2.50.*

If the title were not too clumsy, this book might properly be called "Constituents of the Mind of Poe," for it does not attempt to describe or analyze that strange entity. Instead, in a series of essays Professor Campbell has named collections of materials known to have been contained in the mind of Poe. The scope of his general reading is charted, his literary backgrounds and the books upon which he drew in writing. Disrupting an older theory, these materials show that far from being aloof from his time, Poe had many alliances with it. An important chapter gives the results of scrutinizing Poe's works for their autobiographical elements. In addition, Professor Campbell has brought the tools of research to bear upon Poe's contemporary reputation, and he has analyzed the Poe-Griswold controversy with greater thoroughness than that blasting episode has received before. He ends with a conservative chapter on the Poe canon.

History

HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, edited by Alexander C. Flick. *New York: Columbia University Press, Vols. I and II. 768 pages. $5 per volume. Sold only in complete set of 10 volumes as issued.*

The first two volumes of the "History of the State of New York," compiled under the auspices of the New York State Historical Association, are subtitled: "Wigwam and Bouwerie" for Volume I, and "Under Duke and King" for Volume II. They cover the history of New York from before the coming of the white man to the year preceding the Revolutionary War and are made up of a series of disconnected papers written by authorities in special fields of Colonial history. Though the books lack coherence as a whole, the separate papers are valuable studies of the varied phases of New York's history. Especially fine are the paper of Adrian J. Barnouw in Volume I on "Dutch Background of New Netherland," the contributions in Volume II by Victor H. Paltsits on "The Transition from Dutch to English Rule" and those of Samuel McKee on "The Economic Pattern of Colonial New York" and "A Century of Labor." Virginia D. Harrington's paper on "The Colonial Merchant Ledger" is also an interesting one.

MANOR LIFE IN OLD FRANCE, by Katharine Fedden. *New York: Columbia University Press. 244 pages. $3.*

This book is the portrait of a period, but it has a hero. The personality of Sir Gilles de Gouberville emerges by degrees from the background of detail until it finally stands out suavely and distinctly. By a rare piece of good luck, Mrs. Fedden found his journal and she allows him generous quotations to tell his own story and depict his own environment. "Manor Life in Old France" sketches the dramatic situations in the Squire's household but does not stress them. It sketches also, but no more than sketches, the great page in history which Sir Gilles involuntarily entered. Though his one emotion was for his land and he wished only to cleave to it, he was forced during the latter part of his life to feel the impact of heroic events. The great religious wars which devastated sixteenth-century France and England appear in his background. The tocsin sounded over his quiet fields. He was surrounded by rumors of battles and massacres though he was himself mostly concerned with his own little feuds and law suits about rights of way and water-rights. It was probably the force of the great events that at length overcame him. He died at the age of forty-six, leaving an excellent portrait of himself in his last will and testament.

Travel and Adventure

AIR ADVENTURE, by William Seabrook. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 211 pages, illustrated. $2.50.*

Seabrook was in Paris and "had to see a man in Timbuctoo." He flew there with Marjorie Worthington in the private plane of Captain Wauthier of the French Air Force, the trip requiring thirty-one hours of flying. The three met wits at airports along the way; landed for a few hours during a sand storm; saw their man; joined the search for the crew of an airplane which had been forced down. The book ends with Seabrook wondering about the future of air travel.

ARCTIC VILLAGE, by Robert Marshall. *New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 411 pages, illustrated. $3.*

It is hard to agree with Mr. Marshall that the Alaskan settlement of less than 200 people scattered over an area as large as some of our states has, in spite of its isolation and the mixture of Eskimo and various strains of whites, developed a separate culture. With equal warrant segments of the huge miscellany of New York could be separated out as distinct cultural units. But Mr. Marshall's description of his arctic community is alert and effective: the work, play, the habits and attitudes of the people are transmitted in action. Even the statistics are so judiciously presented that they convey action in their rolling numerals. Like Mr. Elliott Merrick's more florid description of Labrador life in "True North," "Arctic Village" emphasizes the sheer physical advantages of a life strenuous enough to engage the

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bodily energies to the point where sleep is deep, appetite hearty and all the senses active. The young faces of the old men in the many illustrations of the volume are proof of it.

BLACK BAGDAD, by John Houston Craige. *New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 267 pages. $3.*

There is a prefatory note to this book stating that Captain Craige's "opinions and assertions" are his own "and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large." Whatever expectations this may arouse, one quits the volume having discovered no opinions or assertions that could possibly embarrass the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large. The author likes Haiti ("to be a white man in a black country is in itself a distinction"), likes the natives, whom he regards as incompetent children racially inferior to Americans, and has the most orthodox belief in the inevitability of class exploitation and foreign intervention. But opinions do not overburden these pages, which are mostly concerned with the writer's adventures in the island as an officer in the Marine Corps. Both as Chief of Police of Port au Prince and as commander of the Gendarmerie in the wild interior, Captain Craige found much evidence that voodoo is still a powerful force.

TRUE NORTH, by Elliott Merrick. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 352 pages. $2.75.*

Mr. Merrick went to Labrador after feeling, like so many other intellectual workers, that he had been betrayed by a society which could find only base and futile uses for his training and capacities. He married a Grenfell Mission nurse and for several years has been living the hardy life of a Labrador inhabitant. The point of his book is that meaning and zest can be restored to life when it is reduced to its physical fundamentals. In sound sleep, keen appetites and satisfaction over hardships mastered, men can feel wholly alive. Mr. Merrick makes his point in excellent narrative, marred occasionally by rhetorical excess. At best it is a success story of escape, illuminating as the solution of one man's life.

Contributors

HARBOR ALLEN is a journalist who has contributed articles on labor conditions to a number of leading magazines. He has been employed both as a laborer and as a skilled worker in a steel plant near Pittsburgh.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP, the author of "Many Thousands Gone" and other books, has been living in France during the past few years.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL, research director of the Foreign Policy Association, is the author of several books, including "Native Problems in Africa," the standard work on this phase of African life and the one which first revealed the terms of the Firestone contracts and predicted their consequences.

ALFRED S. DALE has been a farmer, a high-school teacher, a lawyer, and head of the Non-Partisan League of North Dakota. He is now State Treasurer.

T. S. MATTHEWS is the literary editor of Time Magazine and author of "To the Gallows I Must Go."

JOHN DEWEY, whose contributions to philosophy and the science of education are well known, has been at work on a new book dealing with the philosophy of art.

JAMES T. FARRELL, the author of "Young Lonigan" and "Gas-House McGinty" has recently completed a third novel, "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan," which the Vanguard Press will publish in October.

HORACE GREGORY is the author of a transiation of Catullus and of two volumes of poetry. His critical study of D. H. Lawrence will be published by the Viking Press in the fall.

JAMES RORTY is at present living on his farm near Westport, Connecticut, where he is working on a book dealing with advertising and other aspects of modern American society.

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